UNE 22,
1940

Liberty

5¢

THE NEW MYSTERY
F CHARLIE CHAPLIN

WHAT KIND OF PRESIDENT WOULD BRIDGES MAKE?

WOMEN SPIES IN NORWAY by LELAND STOWE

P.S. No.4
Summertime zest a-plenty...

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits.

CRISP ~ crisp, every spoonful!

Stumped for a breakfast dish that's really got life to it? Surprise your family tomorrow morning with Kellogg's Rice Krispies . . . and get the surprise of *your* life when you see how fast they gobble them up!

There's no other cereal quite like Rice Krispies. They're flavored to Kellogg's unique recipe, "popped" in ovens, then toasted to a rich, golden-brown. They sing out their lasting crispness with a snap! crackle! pop! as they float on milk or cream.

Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Krispies today . . . and take a bow at breakfast tomorrow. Rice Krispies are made only from premium quality, American-grown "Blue Rose" rice. Their crunchy crispness is protected by Kellogg's exclusive innerwrap, completely "Waxtite" heat-sealed at *both* top and bottom.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
OVEN POPPED RICE WITH SUGAR SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
MADE BY KELLOGG CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
SCHOOL IS OVER! JOIN OUR FUN—
ROMPING IN THE SUMMER SUN,
LET BREAKFAST BE A DAILY TREAT:
RICE KRISPIES SERVED WITH PEACHES SWEET!
Snap
Crackle
Pop!

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES **"OVEN-POPPED"** Rice Krispies float for hours in milk or cream. The name "Rice Krispies" is Kellogg's trade-mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) for oven-popped rice.

Sensational offer! Attractive, nursery-rhyme wall plaques in gorgeous colors. Proper size for grouping. Six different subjects. See back of Rice Krispies package.

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Famous "G-3" All-Weathers cost less than you think!

Built better than ever —priced DOWN to only

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(6.00-16 size with your old tire)

EVERYBODY knows the "G-3" All-Weather's worldwide reputation for standout performance. And you'll find the new first-line "G-3" pictured here to be the toughest, sturdiest, longest-wearing tire ever sold under this famous name—*yet its price is down!* ◆ To give you this better tire for less money—in face of rising raw material costs—we re-equipped our factories with the most efficient modern machinery. Streamlined distribution methods; cut down all overhead costs except material—*and passed the savings on to you.* ◆ By these farsighted moves Goodyear has made the "G-3" All-Weather the greatest value on the market today for so little money. See it, and you'll be convinced millions are right in saying: *Goodyear tires are as good as you think, and cost far less than you imagine!*

REMEMBER—THE "G-3" GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S BEST-PROVED SAFETY TREAD

For summer driving off the beaten track you want tires with surefooted traction—tires that grip and hold, *off* as well as *on* the pavement. In all-round ability Goodyear's famous All-Weather tread has no equal. Those big husky diamonds in the center resist skidding in any direction—grip and hold on any road surface. Billions of miles of highway use have proved it *safest*—the world's first choice for traction and "stop-ability."

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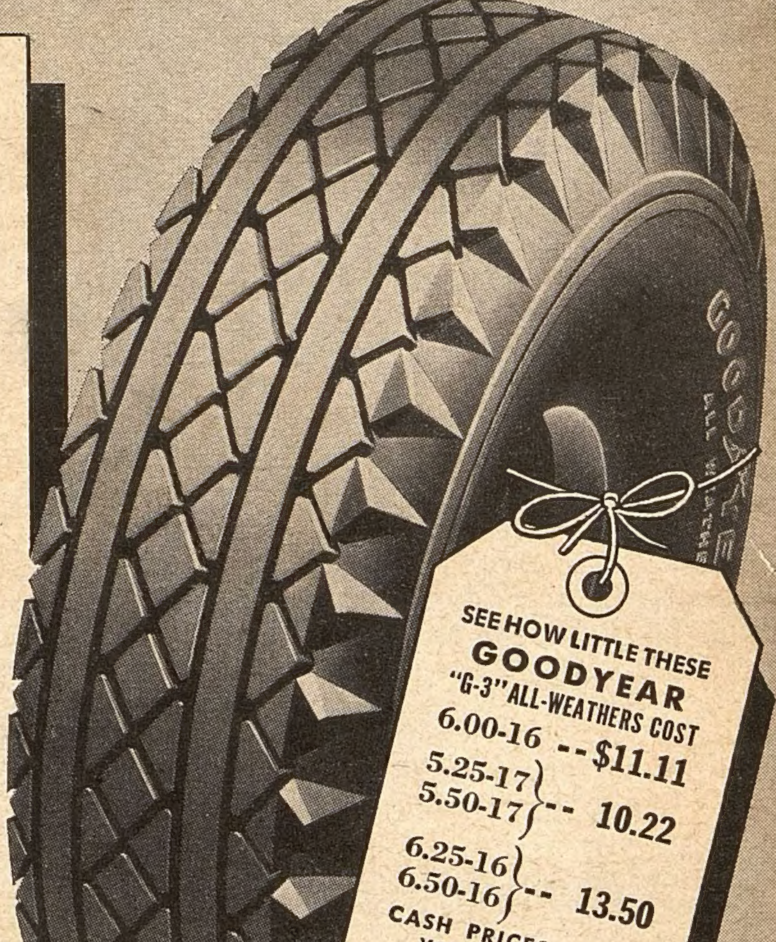
All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company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JUNE 22, 1940 **Liberty** VOL. 17, NO. 25

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURS
EDITOR IN CH

THE HELL THAT WAR BRINGS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The fierceness and brutality of the European war has shocked the entire world. We had acquired the idea that we had reached a state of civilization where such savagery was impossible, but here it is. . . . Murder in wholesale fashion. Mechanized warfare. Bombs from airplanes. Trucks to rush soldiers to the front—thousands of them.

In the vortex of this horrible slaughter, millions of men are mutilating and destroying each other. It is something that appalls the imagination. All the knowledge gained through clear-thinking, detailed analysis that is supposed to accompany modern civilization now used for the destruction of human life.

And is this country prepared to meet a war machine like that which Germany has developed? Such an army could speed through our country with but little resistance, and it is just such an army that we must be prepared to meet.

It is indeed fitting . . . a source of untold satisfaction . . . that our President realizes the truth of this contention. Fifty thousand airplanes, which he recommends, will be helpful, but one hundred thousand would be better. We must prepare for war up to the hilt! Every individual must be willing to make the necessary sacrifices.

Mayor LaGuardia recently maintained that our present air force could not even defend Coney Island. We need pilots, several hundred thousand of them. Every trained pilot should become a teacher. Every airfield should be a school, and the teachers in these airfields should be allowed a bonus for every graduate they turn out.

All kinds of airplanes should be immediately put into mass production. We should be able to buy small airplanes at the same price we buy automobiles—from $500 to $1,000—and mass production would quickly bring us these low prices.

The late General William Mitchell, who told the War Department several years ago that battleships were obsolete, was court-martialed and resigned from the army, but a monument should be erected in his honor. His statements are gradually assuming a semblance of truth. Ultimately they may be proven beyond all possible doubt.

In preparation for war, the first requirement is man power. The disgraceful record of our young men examined by our physicians in the last World War is still a shocking remembrance, and we have made no great outstanding effort since then to raise the physical status of the youth of this nation.

Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, stated in a recent public address that 40 per cent of our people are starving from malnutrition. We have plenty to eat . . . too much usually, but the foods do not contain the elements essential to properly nourish the body. Slowly starving amidst plenty . . . that is the answer. That sensational charge should be investigated and remedial measures should be adopted.

Aviation enthusiasts are complaining bitterly about the recent change in which the Department of Commerce has replaced the Civil Aeronautics Authority. It is maintained that during the period when the Department of Commerce formerly had charge of air transportation 473 persons lost their lives in air crashes, of whom 146 were airline pilots, and that, under the supervision of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, during the last year not a single air passenger met death, and that they flew more than 87,000,000 miles and carried over 2,000,000 passengers without a fatality.

The colossal proportion that aviation is now assuming is too big to place in another department. It should be in a department of its own. Allow the navy and the army to have what airplanes they need, but an aviation authority, with full understanding of the tremendous associated responsibilities, should be in charge.

What is more important than anything else is the proper recognition of the value of physical training. When discussing these problems with General Bullard recently, I expressed the opinion that Germany's extraordinary achievements were due to the attention they have given to the building of man power. He agreed with me most emphatically.

Although we may have no love for the Germans, undoubtedly whatever system they are using in the training of man power must be far better than our own. The public health in that country must indeed be in charge of unusually capable officials.

Bernarr Macfadden

See Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest, Page 59

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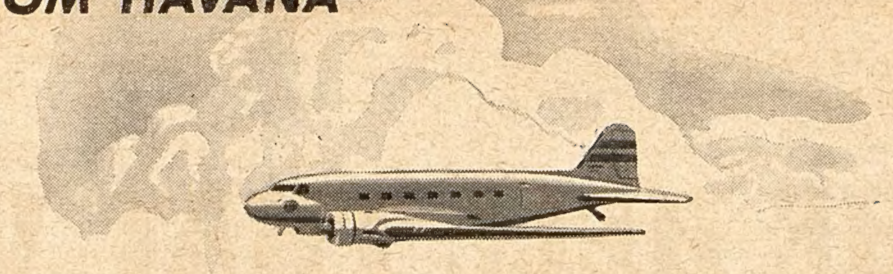
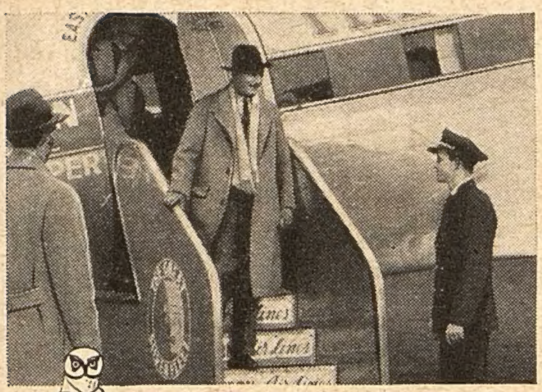
JUST OFF THE PLANE FROM HAVANA—



DANTON WALKER discovers HAVANA on Broadway



OWL: Hello there, Dan . . . welcome back to Broadway!

WALKER: It's good to get back—but I sure hated leaving Havana.

OWL: Say, you ought to be right up on the taste of Havana tobacco.

WALKER: Well—I smoked plenty—Who doesn't, going to Havana?

OWL: Look, try this NEW WHITE OWL. And give us the low-down on its flavor.

WALKER (*after several puffs*): That's a real Havana flavor, all right . . . and it's as mild as the breeze along the Malecon!

DANTON WALKER, whose column, "Broadway," is a daily feature for millions of newspaper readers from coast to coast, recently returned from a vacation in Cuba. We interviewed him upon his arrival in New York . . . We asked him to try a *new* White Owl Cigar . . . to check whether or not it had a true Havana flavor. Note what he had to say.

THE *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Danton Walker on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for the amazing popularity of the *new* White Owl. Are you missing out on this cigar "find" of the year?

NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!
WHITE OWL
WHITE OWL

Try a NEW WHITE OWL—*Today* 5¢

New White Owls Made in America—See how at the New York World's Fair, 1940

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A SPANKING

BY MRS. FRANKLI

Members of the American Youth Congress and their enthusiastic champion.

I THINK I remember reading once upon a time that the most unpardonable sin was stupidity. I am not sure, however, that imputing stupidity to others is not even less easily forgiven.

There appeared some weeks ago an article in this magazine, the opening paragraphs of which were addressed to me by the authors, Archie Roosevelt and Murray Plavner.

One of the authors of this article had sent me word that he would like to see me during the Citizenship Institute in Washington, D. C., last February. I responded that I should be delighted to have him dine with me, but that he would find some members of the American Youth Congress present, two members of the New York Junior League, besides my own son and a friend of his from the University of Virginia. I thought it would be a good opportunity for these young people to meet and have a general clearing up on certain points in fair and open discussion. Archie's answer was that he had to go back to New York City and would see me another time. I have had no further direct word from him.

I wonder if only with age do we acquire certain values. I was busy too at that time, and yet I felt that it was important to talk things out in order to find a basis for unity instead of dissension among the young people.

Our young authors tell us about the preparation of their two resolutions and their efforts to introduce them. They acknowledge that they knew they would not be allowed to introduce them but they were trying to show publicly that the A. Y. C. leaders are Red. I wonder if these young people realize that because of their stupidity they have quite legitimately awakened among a great many young people the idea that they are not so much interested in the problems with which American youth is primarily concerned as they are in destroying the A. Y. C. Of course this is hard to believe, and yet this is the impression they have managed to create in the minds of a number of young people.

I am sure if these two young men had come to the Institute with constructive resolutions, and suggestions as to how to go to work to help young people find jobs, or as to how to obtain better preparation, or how to organize young people to protect their civil liberties, or how young people can help promote peace in the world, they would have found no difficulties in the way of presenting their resolutions and suggestions.

It was not the correct time to introduce resolutions, in the middle of a speech, and at a session where no discussion was scheduled, and among a group of young people who had no power to pass resolutions for the A. Y. C. No one can prevent any people gathered together from passing resolutions, but these young people could do nothing which would in any way affect the A. Y. C. This Citizenship Institute was sponsored by the A. Y. C., but many of the people attending had no affiliation with the Congress. On the last morning, the Assembly of the A. Y. C. had a small meeting, but even the Assembly cannot make new policies for the whole American Youth Congress. They must recommend to the national convention, which will meet next July.

I could not help thinking, when I saw the young men get up and try to offer their resolutions, of how stupid were their tactics. Had they waited until the next day and sent up their names, they would have been allowed to make a two-minute speech on anything they wanted, and even if they could not pass resolutions they could have got their ideas across for the consideration of the group. That made me suspect that they were not really interested in getting the group to consider the ideas which they were interested in, but that they might be more anxious to create a disturbance and force the group to put them out in order to create a disagreeable situation.

Stupid tactics and not the kind to endear one to the youth of America. I have always found our youth responded to honesty and fair play. They may disagree, they may fight you, but they will respect you unless you are not honest or lack courage.

Appended to their article is a most interesting document which I suppose they prepared, though it comes at the end of their article and is entitled: How Some Youth Congress Utterances Compare with Avowedly Red Ones. In parallel columns are placed: Excerpts from the Declaration of Rights of American Youth, promulgated by the A. Y. C., and excerpts from the extreme leftist pamphlet, In a Soviet America—Happy Days for American Youth.

Obviously this is an attempt to show that the A. Y. C. patterned its declaration on the declarations in the Communist pamphlet. Of course, as one reads through these similar utterances, there is very little in either one that, as good American citizens, we might not advocate. The point which is left out is that the Communist pamphlet was published in August, 1935. The A. Y. C. Declaration was drawn up at the Detroit meeting in July, 1935, a month before this pamphlet was published. This would lead one to suppose the young Communists had taken from the A. Y. C. such poetic and patriotic utterances as they could readily agree with.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, so instead of the A. Y. C. being influenced by the Communists, it seems to be the other way round, and one should rejoice.

I think it would have been interesting if either the editor of this magazine or the authors of this article had searched through some of the Republican and Democratic Party platforms, and appended to this document some similar sentiments which I am quite sure they could have found. I vaguely remember in both platforms seeing something about being interested in American youth, in education, and usually somewhere there is mention of labor's right to organize and bargain collectively. In both platforms there is mention of flood control, mention of farm life and what should be done to help the farmer.

The things which these young men do not point out are the divergencies between the Communist pamphlet and the A. Y. C. Declaration. The essence of the Communist pamphlet is that this potentially splendid country can only be restored to its people by the establishment of a " Soviet Socialist America " through a " working-class revolution." " Laws protect bosses," says the Communist pamphlet. " If, therefore, the workers continually violate the law when they fight for their rights, it must be because the law not only does not defend their interests, but contradicts them. It can only be because the laws are enacted to protect and defend the capitalists. . . . In order to change the conditions under which we live, completely, it is necessary to abolish the rule of the capitalists completely."

. ROOSEVELT

With less than her accustomed calm, the First Lady chastises a Roosevelt

The Youth Congress in no way advocates the overthrow of capitalism, and the essence of its position is that we must work within the existing framework of legality and constitutionality for the improvement of the conditions of youth and the strengthening of the American system of government.

The importance of these two documents lies in their differences, and not in their similarities; but I suppose when one desires to prove something it is hard to recognize even something as essential as this.

Now to their questions (addressed to me):

" 1. The credo of the American Youth Congress, which she so graciously endorsed, was simply a rewrite of Communistic doctrines."

I suppose by the credo they mean the creed which was read to the Dies Committee. It is quite true that the young Communists subscribed to it, but I think it no less good on that account. Incidentally, the members of the Dies Committee seemed to think well of it.

If you will read this creed—and I print it at the end of this article—I think you will agree that it is in essence the expression of democracy and American feeling.

"2. Under Communist influence, the boys and girls of the Youth Congress adopted a platform that could hardly have been Redder."

I cannot tell what platform is referred to, but I have read most of the resolutions, the constitution, and by-laws of the A. Y. C., and while I do not always agree with the details of their thinking, I have yet to find anything "Red" in their pronouncements.

"3. Certain of these young people have two names, one for the Congress and the other the real name."

I do not happen to know of any of the young people who have two names. However, I have known other people, adults, to use two names. Some rather well known authors do that, and a number of women use one name for business and another for personal life. Unless this changing of names is done for sinister reasons, there is nothing very terrifying about it, and if they are doing it for sinister purposes, then you may be sure that sooner or later these people will be suspect because of some destructive action. Then the arm of the law will reach out and examine into their comings and goings. If the legally constituted authorities find something wrong in their actions, they will be called to account.

Perhaps, if these young authors had asked me, I would have told them that in the course of a long life I have probably read much more Communist literature than they have, and, I am sure, more A. Y. C. literature.

The description given in the article of the meeting on the White House lawn is fairly accurate, but they seem to suggest in one paragraph that the President knew that their little group of four was offering certain resolutions. Of course the President was as ignorant of their existence and of anything they intended to do as was any other official of the government, because only the people who really take the trouble to follow very closely meetings of this kind would have known anything about such unimportant occurrences.

I am glad that the young men think that the President would make an effort to take me "off the spot." That would be a chivalrous thing to do, but I am afraid that the President would hardly think it necessary. He accepted many years ago the fact that I was prepared to fight my own battles.

These young men speak as though the entire 5,130 delegates, except for their own four, all thought alike on every question. As a matter of fact, there was probably as much divergence of opinion as there would be in a group of that size composed of adults, or of labor, or of farmers.

IF these young men could have access to my mail they would soon discover what a variety of interests those young people had and in what a variety of ways they thought about matters which came up at the Institute. This was no regimented group. The A. Y. C. is a loosely held together group of varied organizations, but the Citizenship Institute was not even an organized group. They were a number of individuals come together with the impelling desire to get in touch with their government and impress them that they wanted a chance to get a job, and to get started in life, as well as a chance to preserve their civil liberties, and peace for the world—all burning questions to them.

The leaders of the A. Y. C. may hold views on the role of youth, and on the effect which war may have, which might not agree with mine; but I would be perfectly certain that, whatever their views, they would be honest views arrived at after real thought and consideration. They would not try to hide them, nor would they be afraid to defend this country and our democratic form of government at any time. They are willing to work to achieve for youth the things which they believe will make our form of government safer and this country a happier place in which to live.

I would far rather back them than I would young people who are concerned in the tearing down of an organization but not especially concerned with helping solve the problems for which that organization has been established.

The other day I was asked by what rule I would try to discover young Communists if they did not honestly answer my question when I asked them. Of course I would hope that no young people would be afraid to tell me and trust me; but if such an unfortunate feeling were to develop, I think that I would work with them until I found that their methods were destructive. If this continued for any length of time, I should of course become suspicious, and finally become convinced that if they could not work constructively for the things which were obviously for the good of our democracy, they must be interested either in Fascism or Communism and therefore of no value in the efforts which I was making.

Now as to the last paragraph in our young friends' article: "Yes, we're sorry to have caused embarrassment; but . . . we've torn the mask off the A. Y. C." My dear young things, of course you caused embarrassment, but to no one but yourselves, and you unmasked no one but yourselves. You would "like to destroy the Red influence in the youth movement" and you want to "build a real American youth organization"; but I am afraid you cannot do that, for you haven't shown that you cared about the problems facing American youth.

In closing I should like to suggest that it might be worth while seeing something of the young people who think themselves Communists. If they get jobs their ideas may eventually change, but one thing is absolutely certain, namely, that the surest way to create and confirm young people in being Communists is to leave them friendless. You can always find people to uphold you if you do not disagree with them. Young people with ideas of their own are apt to be more valuable, in the end, than are those who simply agree with their elders and accept whatever is handed to them. Therefore, even if I thought that amongst this group of young people there were a larger number than I now believe who considered themselves Communists or Fascists, I would still not be afraid to associate with them and would still have hopes for them in the future.

THE CREED OF THE AMERICAN YOUTH CONGRESS

I dedicate myself to the service of my country and mankind.

I will uphold the American ideal, which is the democratic way of life. I will help assure its bounty to all races, creeds and colors.

I will maintain my country, founded by men and women who sought a land where they could worship God in their own way, as a haven of a free conscience and the free religious spirit.

I will safeguard the heritage of industrial development, technical skill, natural resource and culture which has made my country the inspiration for the youth of all lands, and I will use whatever talents I have to add to that heritage.

I will be a social pioneer helping to forge new tools for an era in which education, the chance to make a decent living, the opportunity for health, recreation and culture will assure the fullest development to all.

I will respect and defend the Constitution, keystone of American liberties, which includes the Bill of Rights granting freedom of religion and press, of speech and assemblage. I will seek progress only within the framework of the American system of government which is founded on the principle that all political power is vested in the people, and I will oppose all undemocratic tendencies and all forms of dictatorship.

I will help make the United States a force for peace and pledge that my patriotism will not be at the expense of other peoples and nations, but one that will contribute to the brotherhood of man.

I will not permit race prejudice, religious intolerance, or class hatred to divide me from other young people. I will work for the unity of my generation and place that united strength at the service of my country, which I will defend against all enemies.

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible with liberty and justice for all.

Is courage ever completely lost? . . A thrilling tale of a man's redemption and a woman's love

stronger than Fear

ILLUSTRATOR BENTON CLARK

BY WILLIAM BENTON JOHNSTON

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

DR. JOHN DURHAM had not shaved in seven days. His suit was incredibly wrinkled and stained and his collarless shirt was filthy.

Across the table from him, old Tequila Tobe Bascom sat in a dejected state of inebriety.

He said, "We started on good bourbon and now we're down to pulque. I Godfrey, Doc, it's time to quit."

John made a dissenting gesture and showed the old man a vague foolish smile. Some memory bridged a far distance and touched his befuddled mind. He said slowly, as if remembering each word separately:

"But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage."

Tequila Tobe sighed. "Words and likker," he said wearily. "I Godfrey, Doc, you're full of 'em."

John expelled three long, deep-drawn breaths, said, "Look, Tobe: blowing out dust."

But Tequila Tobe put his grizzled head down upon the table and presently a faint whistling snore puffed out the old man's slack lips at even-spaced intervals.

John Durham laid a bewildered attention upon this for a while, then shrugged and turned toward the bar.

Again he expelled those three gusty breaths. "Blowing out dust, Tim; bring me another bottle."

Tim Grogan came around from behind the bar and walked over to the table.

"You haven't got a cent and you know your credit's no good here. You and old Tobe have been cluttering up the place for a week, and soon as the night crowd begins to drift in, I want both of you to get out."

Grogan wheeled away, and John did not move except that his bowed head swayed a little from side to side.

Lethargy of this hot windless afternoon laid its quietude upon the saloon, and old Tobe's drunken snores became a series of monotonous and irritating sounds. Now and then the taciturn Grogan made some small noise, there behind the bar, and from the back room came the dry rattle of poker chips and brief unintelligible murmurs of talk. Outside, a merciless sun was losing some of its tawny glare and shadows of the tall unpainted buildings of Raider's Gap were growing longer and darker.

John sat motionless, staring at the table top and knowing some peculiar quality of contentment as all thoughts broke into fantastic and meaningless fragments against the stupor of his mind.

But even this hard-earned comfort had no permanence, for presently Bourke Prandall, owner of the Linked S, and Marshal Sam Leggett came in and stood at the bar, engaged in low-voiced conversation.

John Durham did not raise his eyes, yet the sound of Prandall's voice drove all the cobwebs from his mind and honed up his thoughts to a thin sharp bitterness.

Some faint but never stilled voice said, "You should get up and kill Bourke Prandall here and now." Yet this old, habitual suggestion had lost the power to stir John Durham to any real depth.

Charlotte had once said, "Only love and pride are stronger than fear." But now Charlotte was dead and pride was a thing lost and forgotten.

There was a slight commotion outside and Sheriff Brockton herded a small insignificant man into the room and across to the bar.

The sheriff said, "Here's Lige Mason, Mr. Prandall. He drove up just as I was going out to get him."

Mason stood uneasily before the rancher, throwing out quick apprehensive glances and scrupulously keeping his hand away from his holstered gun.

"Listen. I ain't done nothing," he said. "I just drove in for a batch of supplies."

Prandall said, "Tim, get them two drunks out of here. Then maybe you'd better see if the boys in the back room want anything."

Grogan came out from behind the bar, and John got up and shook Tequila Tobe roughly. Sleep had cleared old Tobe's brain and he placed an instant and accurate reckoning upon the scene.

"Come on, Doc," he said. "Let's me and you walk around and catch ourselves a little air."

John followed him toward the door, but something impelled him to turn and look at Lige Mason. The little man was nervously wetting his lips and terror lay stark and ugly across his eyes.

He appealed directly to John, as if seeking this one possible source of sympathy. He said shrilly, "I ain't done nothing wrong or agin the law. The land was free; I filed on it proper. I got a right to make a living for my family—and to put a fence around my alfalfa."

"Wait a minute," Prandall interposed, and shifted his glance to John. "What the hell are *you* waiting for?"

Some unexpected fortitude held John still. He said, "Brockton and Leggett are supposed to uphold law and order, but you elect them and they have helped you steal and cheat and murder until some day—"

Prandall said, "Why, you drunken

fool!" and smashed his big fist against John's face.

John staggered back, fell. He got up slowly, and Prandall knocked him down again.

"Get him out of here, Tobe, before I kill him," the rancher said with ominous smoothness. "He's always been a little too smart. I'd give a hundred dollars to catch him packing a gun—just one time."

Tequila Tobe pushed John through the batwing doors.

Outside he said, "I Godfrey, son, show *some* sense and start walking."

Without protest, John followed him down the street. And all along that dusty way no one spoke to them except Hilda Petersen. From the doorway of her restaurant she said, "Hello, John," and her blue eyes darkened and showed an indefinable sadness when he went on without any reply to her greeting.

He and Tobe stopped at Lockart's stable and sat down on a bench just inside the hallway, not looking at each other and not putting any of their thoughts into words.

They were sitting like that when sound of a single shot rolled along the street and lifted its echoes against the tall false fronts of the buildings.

Presently a man passed and said, "Lige Mason got crazy drunk and Bourke Prandall had to kill him."

WORD of that made its quick passage all along the street, and John saw a tall thin woman get out of a wagon over by the Emporium and walk toward the saloon. Two small children followed her, tugging at her skirts. When the woman passed the stable, John saw that her eyes were dull and stony-still.

Tobe said, "That's Lige Mason's widow—and kids."

John felt a little sick. He got up and stood there a moment, remembering the mute—and unanswered—appeal in Mason's small dark eyes.

"I'm going to lie down a few minutes," he said.

Tequila Tobe nodded. "I'll be in after a while; we got to get a drink some way or another."

John climbed up to the barn loft and lay down, trying to regiment his mind to a complete blankness, but old and disturbing thoughts slowly wove themselves into an inevitable pattern.

And so deep-grooved were these thoughts that John was powerless to keep them from running back to when he first came to Raider's Gap—to when Charlotte was his bride and he had an office down there on the street.

All this could have been a happy and comforting memory had it not been irrevocably linked to that unfortunate day when he had accepted an appointment as coroner. It seemed, at the time, merely a way to add to a modest income, and his first intimation of any irregularity came when Bourke Prandall said:

"Morrison of the Running M died over at the hotel about an hour ago. The undertaker is fixing him up and will have him laid out in a coffin in the hotel parlor by the time his folks get here. I want you to fill out a certificate showing he died of heart attack—he was subject to them sort of spells."

Even then John did not understand. He said, "I'll go over and see about it."

But Prandall shook his head and put ten gold pieces on the desk.

"No need of that," he said. "You make out the certificate and Mrs. Morrison will bury the old man with never a suspicion that a stiletto shoved under his shoulder might have kinda hurried that heart attack."

John remembered that he had first felt incredible amazement, then indignation and cold bright anger. He recalled rushing out of the office, and how Prandall leaned against the door and said, "I sorta figured you for a fool; it may be a long way from here to the hotel."

Striding angrily along the dark street, John heard a man say casually, "Going over to the hotel, Doc?"

John said, "Yes," and then something smashed against his temple.

Knowledge of the long interval which followed came from others; John was never able to recall a remote part of it. For he was found back of the blacksmith shop that next morning, beaten so badly that he lay unconscious for almost four weeks.

People told him how tirelessly the aged Dr. Boltman had attended him, and how Tequila Tobe Bascom put aside the fiery liquor by which he had gained his name, and became a faithful nurse.

John wanted to see Charlotte in his first conscious hours, but they made excuses and finally admitted that her long vigil had resulted in exhaustion and a nervous collapse.

As the days passed, he worried more and more about her.

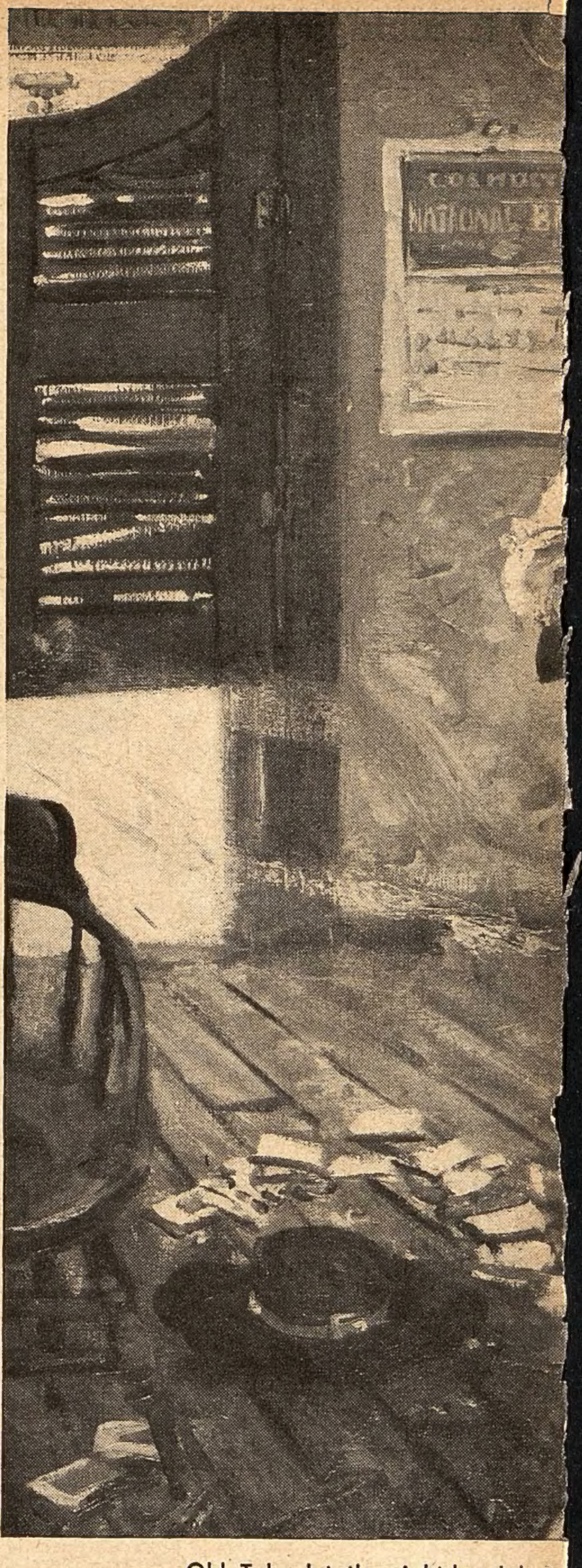
One morning he said, "Tobe, I want to know how Charlotte is—and I want the exact truth."

The old man stood and looked at the floor for a long time. Finally he drew a deep breath. "Ain't no way for us to keep on fooling you. Charlotte's nerves went all to pieces—her heart— Listen, Doc. She died four days ago."

ALWAYS John Durham could go back to that moment and trace the changed trend of his thoughts. Never afterward did his mind move toward tomorrows but lay inert against the present, or turned, as it was now doing, to the past.

Once he briefly entertained some idea of bringing Bourke Prandall to justice, but old Morrison had been buried all those weeks. As for himself, he had no proof that it was Prandall's men who attacked him.

He said, "I'll kill Prandall"; but that, like everything else, didn't seem very important. Indifference and procrastination began to rule all his ways and he drifted along with old Tobe until friends and profession and self-respect slipped into the limbo of things put aside and forgotten.



Old Tobe let the right-hand ham

John jerked his thoughts away from all this and sat up to peer down through the loft opening. The sun had dropped behind distant mountains and twilight lay upon the street. Presently old Tobe came along and climbed up to the loft.

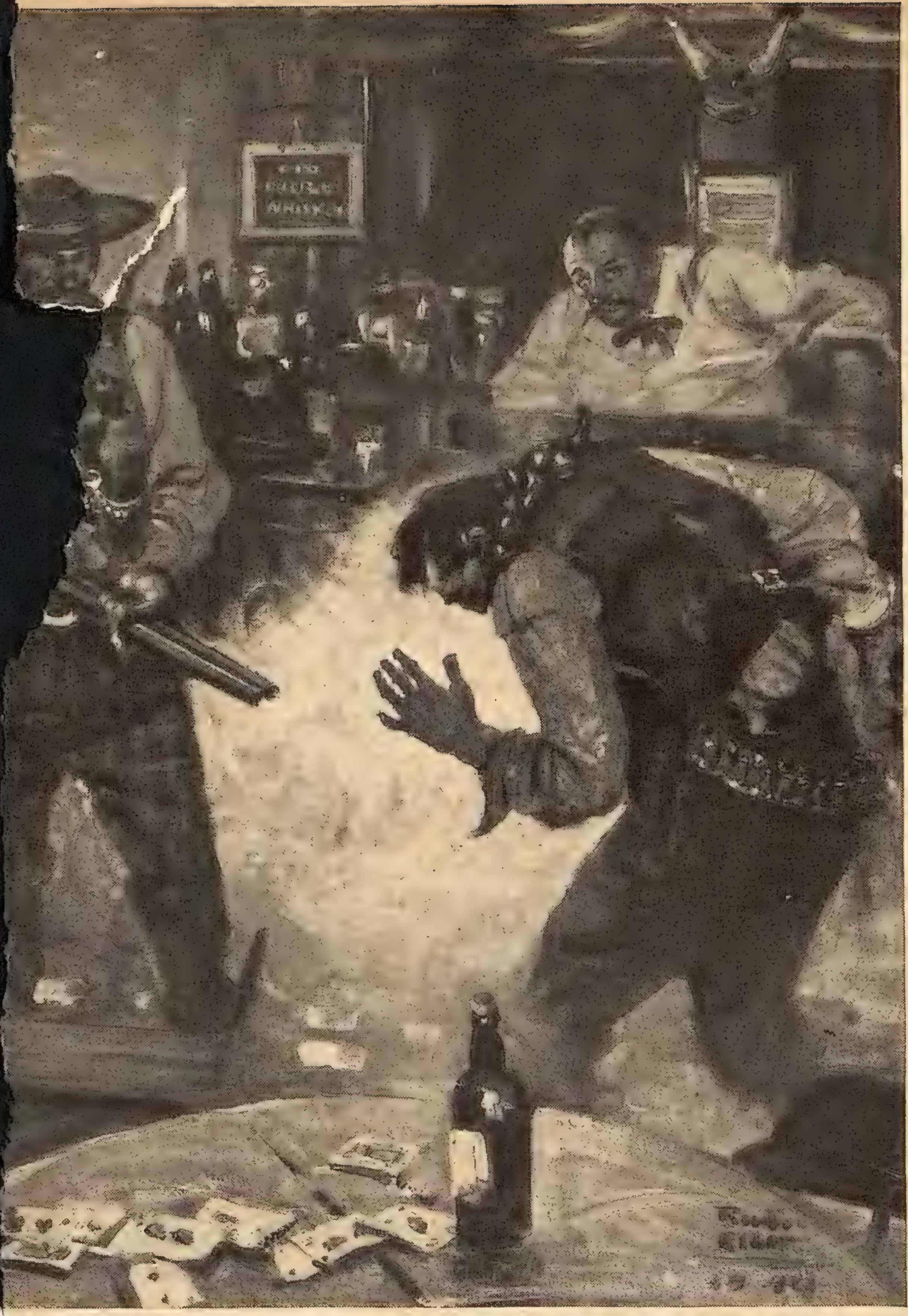
He said, "I got some tequila."

With no more talk than that, they emptied the bottle and lay down and covered themselves with hay, and both fell into fitful and sodden sleep.

When John awoke, some one was shaking him violently, and he opened his eyes to see lantern light lifting its yellow shine all about the stable loft.

Five or six men stood around him, and he realized that it was Tequila Tobe and old Dr. Boltman who had been shaking him.

"John," Dr. Boltman said urgently, "you must get up and come with



That charge of buckshot caught Sheriff Brockton full in the chest.

me. Listen, son. A woman is dying. I've got to have your help."

John turned upon the old physician a blank and bleary-eyed stare. "Whew—I feel terrible," he said and lay down again.

But hands took hold of him and lifted him to his feet.

"You must listen to me," Dr. Boltman said. "Luke Reynolds' wife is dying. "You must go there and help me, John. Remember your oath."

John shut his eyes and rubbed his hand hard across the closed lids. Then he opened his eyes and said, "All right. Let me walk around a little and pull myself together."

They helped him down from the loft and followed him out through the stable entrance. Darkness lay all along the street except where lamplight showed against the windows of Hilda Petersen's restaurant.

John looked upon this phenomenon without understanding.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"About two o'clock," Dr. Boltman told him. "Hilda was sitting up with Mrs. Reynolds. She came down and opened the restaurant to fix you some food and coffee."

John said, "Food—good Lord!" but walked across the dusty street, thinking of hot black coffee and feeling the strong need of it.

He opened the restaurant door and braced himself against the scorn he had learned to expect in all women's eyes. But Hilda Petersen came forward to meet him and led him to the counter. And John saw there was in this tall calm girl only compassion and sorrow, and that these things moved her lips to a gentle and maternal smiling.

She stood across the counter from him while he drank his coffee, filling the cup each time he emptied it.

"You can't eat anything, can you?" she asked.

He said, "No," and pushed away the coffee cup and got up.

"There's hot water and soap in the next room," she told him and walked back that way with him.

While he washed, she brought him a comb and brush. As he combed wisps of hay out of his disheveled hair, Hilda saw the weak and nervous trembling of his fingers. Whereupon she opened a cabinet and took out a bottle of whisky and a glass and set these down before him.

She watched him pour out the whisky and drink it and stand there, shuddering at the raw burn of it.

JOHN lifted his eyes and looked at Hilda as he had looked at no woman in a long time, and something of her deep wisdom and strong character lay momentarily across his mind, sobering him and steadying him.

"It's a pity," he said slowly, "for a man to abuse and lose the friendship of a person like you."

Hilda Petersen's eyes darkened. She said, "Nothing immovable and unchanging is ever completely lost."

John found the quality of her gaze disconcerting and lowered his eyes.

"There is in you," he told her, "the ability to make a man very happy."

"I would try," she said gravely, "if the man would try too."

John said, with sudden harshness, "You're out of your mind," and turned abruptly away to the front room of the restaurant.

"Let's go," he said to the men waiting for him there.

At the building which John had once used as an office, Dr. Boltman stopped.

"It's Mrs. Reynolds' first baby," he explained. "Six hours I've worked with her faithfully, but it just isn't going to be born naturally or yield to forceps. I've given her an opiate because there's nothing else I can do—I'm no surgeon."

John looked at the long-locked door of his old office.

"My instruments are in there," he said, "but I've borrowed on them from Tim Grogan. He has the keys."

"We won't worry about that," Luke Reynolds said, and threw his weight against the door and broke it open.

John got his surgical case and walked up to the Reynolds house.

Julia Reynolds was weak and exhausted. Two great tears welled up and spilled down across her face. "My baby and I are going to die," she whispered. "I'm afraid, Dr. Durham, terribly afraid."

John smoothed the hair back from her temples, then went about his examination slowly and carefully, inwardly cursing the nervous uncertainty of his hands.

When he turned away from the bed, Dr. Boltman followed him into an adjoining room.

"You were right," John said. "This baby isn't going to be delivered by any easy or simple method." He spread out his fingers and stared at them. "Look at these shaking hands. I can't do anything."

"It's Julia's only chance," Dr. Boltman reminded him.

Hilda Petersen opened the back door and came in.

She said, "John, you'll find a razor and a clean shirt in the spare bedroom. I don't know anything that will lift up a man more than a shave and clean fresh clothing."

John said, "You're right, Hilda. While I'm cleaning up, heat plenty of water, get three or four good reflector lamps and lay out some soft sheets for bandages."

"Everything will be ready," she promised and turned quietly away.

When John went back to Julia's room, he saw her glance move slowly over his shaven face and clean white shirt. Her eyes stirred and showed a faint change.

"You're not going to let me die, are you, doctor?"

"No," he said firmly, and there was in him a profound gratitude for Hilda Petersen's wisdom and discernment.

He lifted Julia up to the dining table, which had been brought in, then folded a towel cone-shaped and gave it, together with a bottle of ether, to Dr. Boltman.

"Now, Julia, long, deep breaths—and don't be afraid: everything's going to be all right."

After a moment he said, "Hilda," and she came forward and stood across the table from him, holding a reflector lamp. All during that long interval that he pitted his blunted skill against time and death, the beams of her lamp unfalteringly followed the swift course of his hands.

At last it was over and the incision closed. Packs and bandages were in place, and there was in the room an infant's thin wail of protest at a strange and bewildering world.

Hilda Petersen put down the lamp, and John saw that the ordeal had not shaken her calm fortitude.

"A boy," she said quietly, and held out her arms. "I'll take him, John."

DAYLIGHT came and the sun rose above stony summits eastward, and Hilda Petersen came in and drew the shades of the sickroom.

Still John Durham sat on with his patient—past the mid-turn of the day and far into the afternoon.

When at last he left the room, a meal was prepared for him and a Mexican woman was waiting to pour his coffee.

Luke Reynolds came to the door and stood there, afraid to ask that question which filled his mind.

"Go upstairs and get some rest," John told him. "Julia is out of danger and sleeping like a baby."

Luke's features showed a sharp quick break, and for a while he remained quite still. Then he came over and shook John's hand and wheeled abruptly out of the room.

Dr. Boltman and Tequila Tobe came in from the kitchen.

"I peeped at the patient," the doctor said. "Congratulations, son. Such skilled fingers do not belong to you alone but to all suffering humanity."

"I know," John said.

He walked over to Tequila Tobe and unbuckled the old man's cartridge belt, tucking this and the holstered gun attached to it beneath his arm.

"I Godfrey," Tobe asked, "what are you up to now?"

John said, "I'm going to borrow these for a while. When a man starts out to doctor his own life, there's no telling what kind of instruments he may need."

Tobe stood there a moment, scratching his whiskered chin. Then he said, "Holy hell and cactus splinters!" and hurried out of the house.

John left the Reynolds home and walked leisurely down the single street of Raider's Gap to the saloon.

Tim Grogan greeted him with apologetic embarrassment. "Heard about the fine thing you did up at Luke Reynolds', Doc. I guess I was just joking about your credit being no good here. Have one on the house."

John shook his head. "Man is a perverse animal, Tim—a lot of times he doesn't want a thing after he finds out he can get it."

He pushed aside the bottle and glass and stood there with Tequila Tobe's gun and holster tucked beneath his arm. And the manner of his waiting lay a tension upon the room.

SOMETHING of this seeped out and spread over the town and when Bourke Prandall came in, he was closely flanked by Sheriff Brockton and Marshal Sam Leggett.

John Durham remained in that same bland and watchful attitude of waiting until these men had poured their drinks, then walked around the bar end and said, "Wait a minute."

Instantly Brockton and Leggett put down their glasses, but Prandall held his in his hand and made a slow half-turn, showing John an open contempt.

"I believe you said you'd give a hundred dollars to see me wearing a gun," John's voice was cool and summer soft. "Put it on the bar and I'll buckle this one on."

Prandall said, "What's come over you, Durham?" and set down his glass.

"Put your money on the bar," John told him, smiling a little, "or tuck your tail and run for it."

Prandall said, "Run, hell!" and took out his wallet and put five twenties on the bar.

Whereupon John swung the belt around his waist and while his eyes and fingers were busy with the buckle, Sheriff Brockton and Sam Leggett stepped away from the bar and surreptitiously drew their guns.

Instantly a thin dry voice said, "Hold it!" and Brockton and Leggett swung around to see that Tequila Tobe Beacon had slipped in through the side door and was resting a muzzle-loading shotgun across the bar top, its tall hammers drawn back to expose bright new percussion caps upon the tubes.

The sheriff and marshal were veterans at this game and backed slowly away, separating as they retreated.

Old Tobe said, "I Godfrey, I ain't no greenhorn," and let the right-hand hammer drop.

That charge of buckshot caught Sheriff Brockton full in the chest and slammed him to the floor. Sam Leggett took advantage of this brief interlude and threw two quick shots at Tequila Tobe. One of the bullets hit the old man and drove him back from the bar. He swayed a little, and L gett shot him again. This jerked h tautly erect, yet he hung on to th shotgun and lifted it and killed Leggett with its one remaining charge.

Then Tequila Tobe looked at John Durham and grinned. The gun slippe from his nerveless fingers and he san down across it and lay there, not moving at all.

THAT leaves just you and me," John told Bourke Prandall. "You wanted to see me wearing a gun, and here it is. Purpose and achievement—what more can a man expect?"

Now that he stood alone, hesitancy held Prandall still and irresolute. His eyes narrowed and showed fear.

He said, "You haven't got a chance—two of my boys are right behind you," and swung up his gun, hoping that John would be taken in by this ancient ruse.

But John Durham's attention did not waver and his shot was first by a split second. Prandall fired once more, but the bullet plowed a shallow splintered furrow along the top of the bar. Whereupon John shot him again, and he dropped his gun and was dead before his body reached the floor.

For a long moment there was a hushed stillness in that big room, then John walked over and knelt beside the prostrate body of Tequila Tobe.

Tim Grogan said, "Step up, gents, and have one on the house. You've just witnessed the end of the Prandall-Brockton-Leggett rule of terror."

Men left hastily sought places of safety and John Durham lifted Tequila Tobe's body.

"Put Prandall's hundred dollars in Tobe's pocket," he told Grogan, and when this had been done, walked out to the street, carrying the old man.

He saw Hilda Petersen standing in the restaurant doorway, so rigidly erect that he knew some terrible strain was holding her body in that unnatural posture. One moment she stared at him, then ran swiftly inside.

John walked on down to Jim Wells' undertaking establishment and placed his old friend on a counter.

"Give him a good funeral," he told Wells. "There's a hundred dollars in his pocket to pay for it."

Without further talk, he turned away to his own office and found his old shingle, taking it outside and hanging it so that Raider's Gap could see the legend: John Durham, M. D.

Then he walked over to Hilda Petersen's restaurant and went inside and closed the door.

THE END

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UPSTAIRS AND DOWN IN Hitler's House

BY PAULINE KOHLER

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Not long ago Pauline Kohler was a servant in Hitler's house at Berchtesgaden. In Liberty last week she told how she had happened to become one. In 1933, first her parents and then her young bridegroom were seized by the Gestapo, and in consequence of her grief and anger she found herself in the Dachau concentration camp. Released in 1934, she was employed as housemaid by a Nazi official and his wife. Three years later he abruptly recommended her for a vacancy in Hitler's household staff. Before she was taken to Berchtesgaden, the Gestapo chief Himmler himself examined her.

Life in the Führer's Berghof as she describes it has been a mixture, unsuspected by the docile German people, of piratical luxury, discipline, astrology, ultra-modern mechanical efficiency, madly thorough precautions against assassination by poisoning or otherwise, and perverse cruelty—this last manifested in underground cells where "misbehaving" housemaids and "disloyal" village girls are stripped and flayed. She says all Hitler's henchmen, including Goering, hate and envy his pet astrologer, one Ossietz, with whom he consults the stars before making any important move. Last week she told of his air-raid refuge, deep in the rock of the mountain, and of his "Eagle's Nest" which only two foreigners have visited—Unity Freeman-Mitford and Count Ciano.

PART TWO—HAUNTED NIGHTS—AND A TRAP

IT is true that the Führer is a vegetarian, but he is finicky to the point of obsession about what he eats and how it is served. Every morsel must be of the best, and woe betide Otto Schlieben, head of the domestic staff, if it is not cooked to perfection. Four chefs are employed in the kitchens. Every one came from a different famous Berlin restaurant. They are under the supervision of the only foreigner serving in Berchtesgaden. This man is Rudi Vanyor, a Hungarian. He got his job because he is the greatest authority on vegetarian food in Europe. He is now a German citizen and is paid a fabulous salary.

The Führer is a late riser and he never breakfasts before ten o'clock. Often it is eleven. He takes a simple meal, usually a glass of orange juice, followed by a few slices of rye bread and butter. He loves butter, and usually gets through half a pound a day. Local farmers send supplies to the kitchens daily.

Lunch is Hitler's favorite meal. It begins invariably with vegetable soup, of which he manages to down an incredible quantity. Then comes fish, for Hitler is not a true vegetarian but merely a non-meat eater. He has a passion for trout served with a special butter sauce. Sauté potatoes usually accompany the fish.

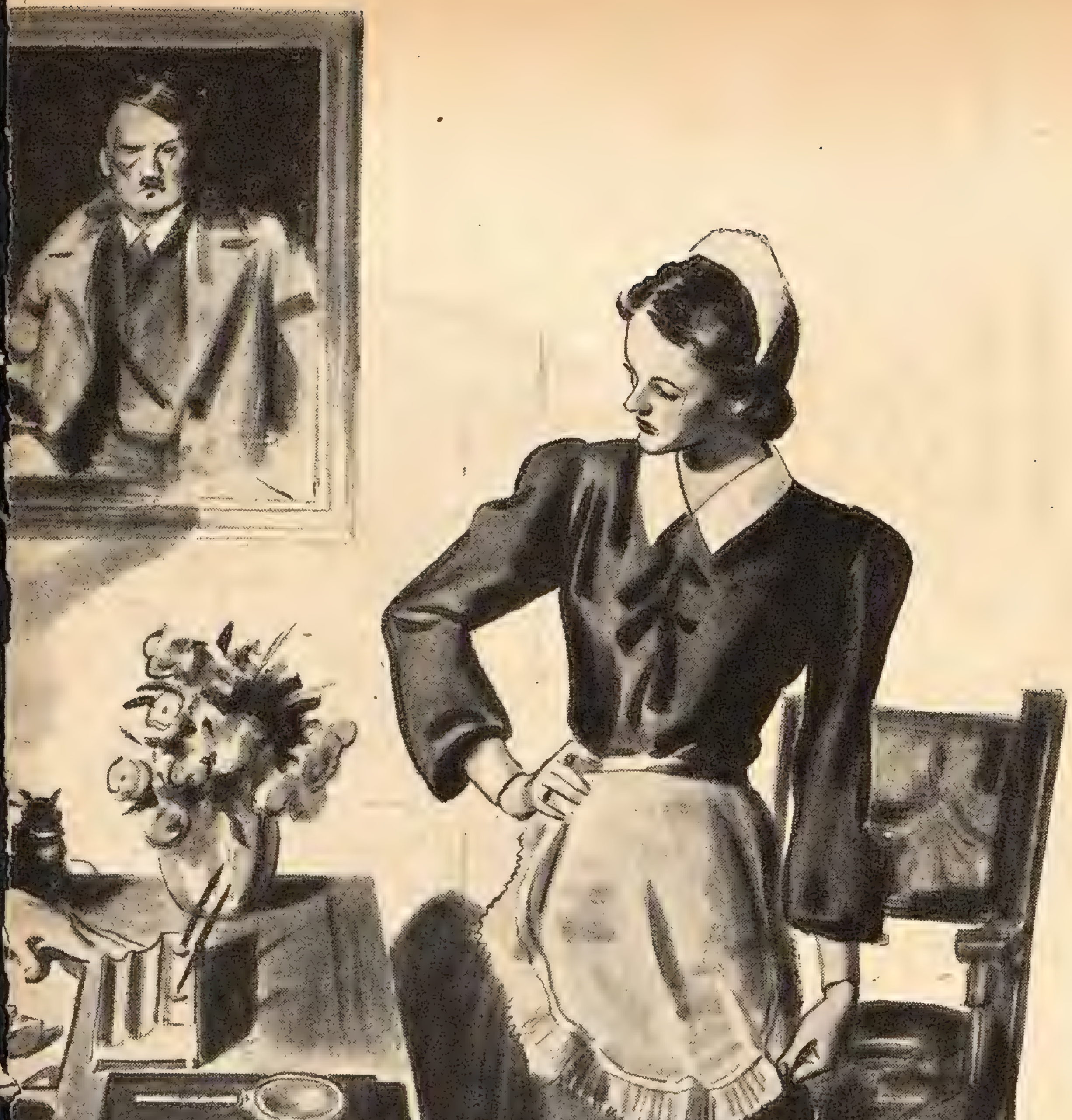
Then a great bowl of assorted nuts comes to the table and the Führer simply stuffs himself with these.

He never touches wines or spirits, but he does have an occasional glass of "near beer," which is much weaker even than light lager. Its chief resemblance to real beer is its color.

He loves coffee, very black and very sweet. Sixteen cups a day, and they are big ones, make up his usual ration.

Dinner is rarely a meal of fewer than six courses, which are enjoyed only by the guests of the day. Hitler, more often than not, takes only a small salad, potatoes, and a sweet—of which he is very fond. Long before he came to real power, he used to visit the Kaiserhof or Adlon Hotel in Berlin every afternoon and munch his way through a large plate of cream buns. These are his favorite sweet and they are on the menu at least four days a week.

Guests at dinner are permitted to drink wine provided it comes from German vineyards. This proviso has



ILLUSTRATOR JAMES SCHUCKER

I was startled. He demanded sharply: "Where is the piece of paper you took from the Führer's bedroom, Fräulein?"

always irked Goering, who prides himself on a fine cellar stocked with French and Italian wines at his own home.

Smoking, of course, is absolutely taboo in Hitler's presence or even in any room he might enter. He loathes the smell of tobacco. As normal men smoke, he eats sweets—pounds of them a week. He is childishly fond of toffee and chocolate. I once heard him declare to Goebbels: "They give me energy for my great tasks, Joseph."

He is the worst dressed man in the land. Yet he has a private tailor, one Andergruss. His clothes are always ill-fitting because he will not submit to being properly measured or fitted. For a supreme ruler, he must have the world's smallest wardrobe. It consists of a few uniforms, five ordinary lounge suits, and two suits of evening dress. And even these are the despair of his valet.

Black and dark gray are the only colors he tolerates in his civilian suits. He treats them badly, slouching in chairs so that his trousers always become baggy at the knees within an hour or two. Also, his pockets always bulge with bags of sweets or masses of papers. He can be guaranteed to reduce the best tailored suit to a shapeless ill-fitting garment in a few days.

As a matter of fact, he regards interest in clothes as a weakness in men, and he never ceases taxing Goering with vanity because of his collection of uniforms.

Hitler has a sentimental affection for the simple uniform of the Storm Trooper — brown shirt, breeches, knee-high boots. It is the one uniform in which he himself feels at home.

Insomnia is his abiding curse. Not only does he rarely get up before 10 A. M. but he never does any work at all until after lunch. Even then, he usually spends the afternoon talking with political visitors or gossiping with friends. Only when dinner is over at half past eight does he really settle down at his desk.

First he studies a summary of news from the world's press. This is prepared by a dozen linguistic experts who are called press secretaries. It is not true, as I have seen stated in foreign newspapers, that Hitler's advisers, such as Ribbentrop and Goebbels, censor these news digests to keep from the Führer news they don't want him to know about. But the press secretaries exercise a kind of censorship of their own—not for political reasons but on grounds of prudence. Hitler cannot bear humor at his own expense. Cartoons in English and American papers send him into violent rages. So do the many satirical poems published abroad. The English cartoonist Low especially enrages the Führer.

Authentic! Here's new, revealing light on the war lord's private life

When he has assimilated the news, he rings for his ordinary secretaries, who work in shifts, and begins to dictate. He does this at top speed and shouts as though he were addressing a public meeting. His phrasing and grammar are appallingly bad and they have to be carefully edited before they appear on paper.

He spends about an hour and a half dictating memoranda to be dispatched to officials all over the country.

Hitler, by the way, is full of contempt for the freedom of opinion enjoyed by newspapers in other countries. "The governments of these countries are spineless," I have heard him say. "The press exists to do as it is told, not to tell governments what to do. To preserve a free press is as sensible as preserving an ulcer. That is what a free press is—an ulcer, an abscess on the body of the State."

After dictating, Hitler talks to his political and military advisers. He will not endure a word of criticism. Goering has come as near to that as any one in Germany dares. But even he has to tread warily.

I was once serving coffee in the Führer's study when Goering was with him. He was sitting at his desk and the fat field marshal was pacing up and down when I entered. I cannot remember what they were talking about, but suddenly Goering stopped, went up to the desk, and declared, "You cannot do it. The whole idea is stupid."

Hitler instantly rose to his feet.

"What!" he shouted. "You dare to tell your Leader what he can and cannot do? You dare to say my ideas are stupid? No one can advise me! I am supreme throughout the Reich! I, Adolf Hitler, rule this country! And what I say is law. Remember that, Hermann."

His voice had risen to a hysterical shriek before he finished, and when he sank back into his chair even Goering was a little shaken.

Hitler was silent for a few seconds, then he motioned to me to serve the coffee. I had been stock-still by the door during his tirade, not daring to move.

AS he sipped, the Führer went on talking in a normal voice to Goering as though nothing had happened. But with people lower in the hierarchy than Goering, such a fury of his would last much longer. Often it would end with severe penalties, such as reduction in rank.

Hitler's after-dinner talks last far into the early hours of the morning. Several of his permanent entourage are good pianists, and when he feels inspiration flag, he makes one of them play for him, He loves Wagner and the sentimental strains of a number of minor German and Austrian composers. He hates jazz music or dance music. "Negroid perversions," he calls almost any music from England or America. Often, when he has at last gone to bed, and has found that sleep eluded him, he will get up, return to his study, and have one of his guests roused to talk with him. Goebbels is nearly always unlucky in this respect when he is at Berchtesgaden. He is dragged from bed to listen to vast propaganda schemes the Führer has devised in the small hours. Goebbels has to sit there until dawn breaks over the Bavarian Alps. The kitchen, too, must be ever on the alert for orders to produce snacks or black coffee.

When Hitler is not in the mood for talking or reading, he will go for long night drives in one of his big black Mercedes touring cars. From my bedroom window I have often seen the car gliding out of the garage at midnight. He never drives himself. He is far too nervous. But he loves speed. His drivers have told me that on these nocturnal trips the speedometer rarely drops below sixty miles an hour, and often hits the hundred mark.

Hitler's favorite reading, apart from German history, is any book about the building of the British Empire. Clive, Wolfe, Drake, and men like these seem to be his heroes. He is Britain's greatest admirer, though he displays such contempt for her in public.

EXPERTS from all over the world have been called in to cure the Führer's insomnia, but none has succeeded. He will not submit to any kind of drugs. When the real doctors were baffled he turned, childlike, to the quacks. Whenever an item about a cure for insomnia appears in a newspaper, the professed magician is summoned to Germany, no matter whether he lives in India or China, and paid an enormous fee to try his skill on Hitler. Perhaps the most fantastic cure he tried was undertaken at the suggestion of a Swiss psychologist.

A cinema screen was fitted to the ceiling of his bedroom, and from a concealed projector the colored moving picture of a waterfall was thrown on to it. The Führer was told to make his mind a blank and to gaze steadily at the falling water. He tried this for nearly a fortnight before the cure was abandoned as hopeless.

On one occasion a Viennese specialist persuaded him that a series of exercises would prove efficacious, and for a week or two the Führer was performing contortions in his bedroom, one of which included standing on his head, I was told, so that the blood would rush to his brain, and then standing upright so that the blood would drain away rapidly. This was the best joke of his entourage while it lasted, though, of course, no hint of the amusement was allowed to reach his ears.

Hitler takes extraordinary precautions to protect himself from enemies. He lives in terror of being poisoned. Samples of all his food are taken by a staff of analytical chemists and carefully examined hours before the food is served. Hitler does not believe in having a food taster, for he fears that a very slow poison might be used on him. After the chemists' examination, only the four chefs are allowed to touch the food.

Another precaution Hitler takes is the wearing of a bulletproof vest. He puts this on whenever he leaves the house. It is made of leather and a special light steel alloy. There are whispers that twice already it has saved his life, but I do not know whether this is true.

In his relations with the domestic staff, he is a curious mixture. Sometimes he appears to be unaware of you in his presence, in a manner that is very disconcerting. At other times he gets into rages over trifles, such as the way his room has been tidied or the amount of coffee served to him.

He has even been known to fall into one of his notorious fits of hysterical weeping because a servant has upset him in some utterly trivial way. He will then accuse the offender of trying to distract him from his vital task of rebuilding the Reich, and it may mean the concentration camp if the usual reaction of forgiveness does not set in quickly.

But there are also times when he tells his servants that all are comrades in the common task, and that his cooks are doing their bit as much as his generals. He is often in such a mood after he has pulled off a big coup. Then he may give his servants presents. I once received from him, to my astonishment, a thousand-mark note when I entered his study to serve a meal at his desk. He smiled at me, told me I was pretty, and thrust the note into my hand "as a reward for faithful service, Fräulein."

HE has all the normal man's liking for a pretty face and a trim figure, though he dislikes women to use make-up or to be attractive in an artificial way. He never gives a party without half a dozen pretty women in evidence. His parties are not very popular with his guests, largely because of the restrictions on smoking and drinking and his predilection for one type of music. But, of course, no one dares to refuse an invitation.

It is amusing for the domestic staff to watch the guests one at a time disappear, when the Führer does not notice, to smoke or to get a drink in another part of the house. Usually they go to the quarters of the Black Guard officers to find good company and amusement. Sometimes one of them is suddenly missed by the Führer, and he will send servants to find them and reproach them for leaving without his permission.

Hitler cannot bear joking, particularly jokes that sail too far into the political wind. All in all, the parties are really nothing but informal political meetings gathered to listen to him.

I have already mentioned the rules drawn up for servants. Guests also have to study a set of rules which they find on their dressing tables. I still have a copy of these rules which I smuggled out when I left. They are:

Instructions to Visitors

1. Smoking is forbidden, except in this bedroom.
2. The guest must not talk to servants or carry any parcel or message from the premises for any servant.
3. At all times the Führer must be addressed and spoken of as such and never as "Herr Hitler" or other title.
4. Women guests are forbidden to use excessive cosmetics and must on no account use coloring material on their fingernails.
5. Guests must present themselves for meals within two minutes of the announcing bell. No one may sit at table or leave the table until the Führer has sat or left.

6. No one may remain seated in a room when the Führer enters.

7. Guests must retire to their rooms at 11 P. M. unless expressly asked to remain by the Führer.

8. Guests must remain in this wing of the house and must on no account enter the domestic quarters, the offices or the quarters of the SS officers, or the political police bureau.

9. On leaving Berchtesgaden, guests are absolutely forbidden to discuss their visit with strangers or to mention any remark made to them by the Führer. The conveying of information about the Führer's private life in this way will be visited by the severest penalties.

HITLER'S health is known to be very bad, though it is a subject he never mentions, even to his closest associates. The only persons in the world who could tell the whole story are the famous German heart and throat specialist, Professor Sauerbruch, who has operated on Hitler three times; Professor Knoll, the great Berlin physician who is the Führer's permanent doctor; Professor Henry Steinmetz, and other specialists, including some from Paris and from New York, who have been to Berchtesgaden. All of them have kept their secret well.

But I can reveal one or two facts which I gleaned from Franz Wrabel, Hitler's valet, and Elsa Holzfahn, the assistant housekeeper, who enjoys the confidence of Paula Hitler, the Führer's sister.

Hitler's heart has caused great anxiety. His throat has been attacked by a cancerous growth.

When Professor Sauerbruch operated on Hitler the first time, it was announced that he had removed a polypus from the right vocal cord. It was not divulged that a second and a third operation were soon necessary. Voice strain due to overspeaking in public could not account for this. The story I was told by Elsa Holzfahn could account for it.

She told me that, in removing a cancerous growth from the vocal cord, the cord was destroyed, and that an artificial cord, made from strips of the Führer's own skin, was grafted into the throat to replace it.

It is now believed that the cancer danger is past, and that Sauerbruch's operation saved the Führer's voice, though it can never be anything but hoarse and harsh in the future.

I do know that Sauerbruch wanted to call in the Viennese surgeon Professor Neumann, who operated on the Duke of Windsor, but that the Führer refused to permit this because Neumann is a Jew.

At one period the Führer's heart was constantly letting him down. He would have to rest for days at a time, doing nothing, often when he had tasks of the greatest urgency. He has what is called a tired heart, and the great strain he continually puts upon it is the despair of Professor Knoll. Frequently, when he should rest and refuses to do so, the doctors resort to injections of stimulants.

"Perspiration Odor has no place in any man's life!"

"And since a man can be guilty and never know he offends, I play safe with Mum," says Kenneth Caldwell of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Co.!

"PEOPLE are an insurance man's career! Meeting new prospects and making new friends—winning their confidence and respect—that's the big part of his daily job. But if he lets *perspiration odor* creep in with his facts and figures, you can be sure his welcome won't last long.

"Perspiration odor has no place in any man's life—or business. The tragedy is that a man can offend and never know he's guilty—and no one is apt to tell him. That's why I play safe—and after every shower use Mum."

* * *

That's good, common sense and thousands of men are following it. A dab of Mum under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor for hours. Remember, a bath only cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

Mum can't harm shirts . . . won't irritate your skin . . . prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop perspiration.

Your wife, your sister or your mother is probably using Mum right now as the safe, sure way of guarding against underarm odor. Don't try borrowing—get Mum at your drug store today.

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[**Socially or in business—Play safe with Mum!**]

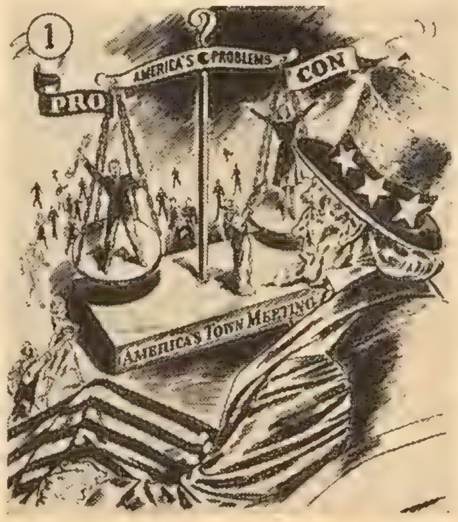
That glorious, bracing morning shower takes care of *yesterday's* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.

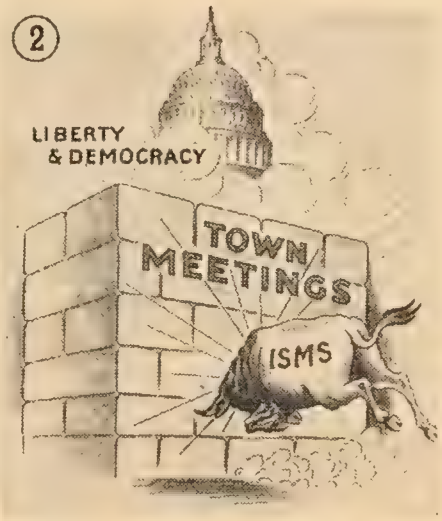
The people you meet in business—and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid the risk of underarm odor with Mum. You even *like yourself* better!

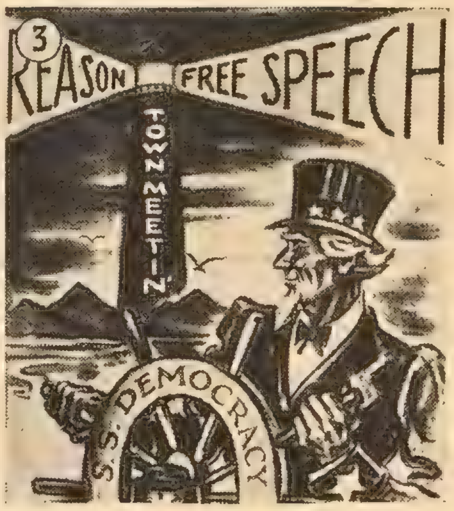
MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

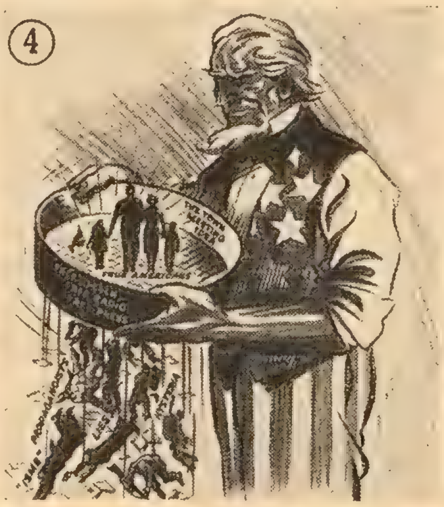
Illness always makes the Führer gloomy and angry. He is also likely to refer to his approaching end or to the possibility of it in public speeches, though he does not seem to be afraid of dying.

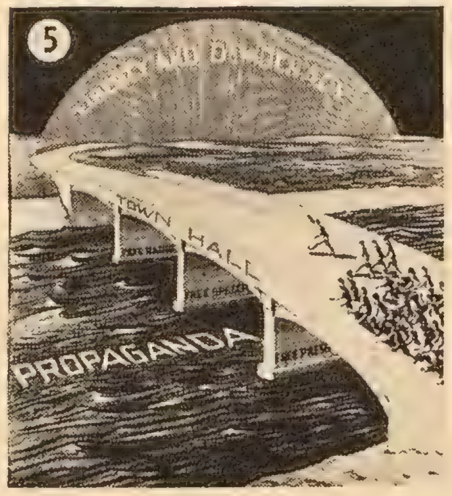
One thing he cannot bear is sickness in others. He has no patience with it and will never see any one who is ill, not even a close friend. Signs of illness at Berchtesgaden must be rigorously kept from his sight.











These cartoons were awarded prizes of $100 each as joint winners of third place in the Liberty Town Hall Cartoon Contest. They are the work of the following cartoonists: 1—J. C. White, 155 West Twentieth Street, New York City. 2—Fred H. Kettleholm, 926 Garson Avenue, Rochester, New York. 3—Samuel Greenburg, 625 Wrightwood Avenue, Chicago. 4—Herb Cook, 600 East Cecil Street, Springfield, Ohio. 5—Robert W. Gilmore, 1009 Franklin Street, Olympia, Washington.

He has little respect for his own doctors and treats Knoll like a waiter. Perhaps it is that in the presence of such men he loses that great sense of being a superman and feels that he is helpless in their hands.

Whenever he has to take medicine or to be injected with any substance, he insists on the doctors taking the medicine or submitting to the needle themselves first.

He also seems to find amusement in setting the doctors to work on his friends. He enrages Goering by insisting that he submit to diet and weight-reducing cures. These rarely have any effect on the obese Hermann (who breaks the rules on the sly) and Hitler will then taunt the medicos with their inability.

Hitler's dentist, the Berlin expert Hartenstein, has great difficulty with him. He screams like any little boy when an extraction hurts a little. Yet he will not have gas. He is terrified of anesthesia. Only for a very serious operation would he permit it. He has eight false teeth and has a number of gold fillings.

There are three Hitler doubles. No one but the Gestapo, who found them for him, knows their names. At close quarters it is easy to tell them apart, but when they are dressed like Hitler and touched up by make-up experts it is impossible to tell them from the Führer at twenty yards' distance. Only one of them, however, has a voice like Hitler's. This man has been trained to make short speeches in the Führer's stead on unimportant occasions.

One of the doubles is always at Berchtesgaden, another at Munich, and the third in Berlin, ready to proceed to any part of Germany or Austria at a moment's notice.

The chief task of the doubles is to stand in for the Führer for street processions, military reviews, or similar occasions which call for no speech-making but on which the danger of assassination is ever present.

In service at Berchtesgaden, the three doubles take turns. They are known by various nicknames at the Berghof, usually as "One," "Two," and "Three," sometimes as "Little Willi," "Old Bismarck," and "Putzi."

They live in the SS quarters and have no rank or authority. Nearly every one treats them with a kind of amused contempt. Only one of them, Putzi, has ever been attacked in mistake for his master.

He was shot in the shoulder at a review of Brown Shirts in the Maximilianstrasse at Munich. The bullet was fired from the direction of the National Theater from a gun fitted with a silencer, and no one but Himmler and Goering, who were in the car with Putzi, knew that such an attempt had been made. Putzi was not badly hurt and he went through the ceremony without flinching. The gunman was never caught. The story was never revealed to the world. Putzi was taken back to Hitler's flat in Munich and doctored, then given a bonus of 5,000 marks and a holiday.

Once a double was sent to Frankfort when Hitler himself was visiting his Gauleiter for Bavaria. This was due to a mistake by the Gestapo men at Berchtesgaden and to the fact that Hitler had made a sudden change of plans. The result was that early editions of newspapers in Frankfort and Munich carried stories that the Führer had made public appearances at both places at the same time. All possible copies of the papers were recalled, but hundreds must have reached the public before the Gestapo realized what had happened. Three high Gestapo officials were severely punished. One of them was dismissed from the service.

I liked Little Willi best of the doubles. I often tried to persuade him to tell me his real name, where he came from, and how he had been picked up by the Gestapo. But the subject was *verboten* and I could never draw him out. I was rather sorry for all three doubles, because they are cut off from the world. They will never see their friends or relatives again. They know it.

Four maids take turns of a week at a time looking after the Führer's bedroom, always under the watchful eyes of Franz, the valet.

The room is very plainly furnished with a large iron-framed bed, a small side table, a larger table by the big window, an easy chair, and a desk over which a small bookshelf runs. A small dressing room adjoins.

The bed is covered with a great brown quilt embroidered with a huge swastika. The Führer, by the way, wears surprisingly (for him) luxurious pajamas. They are brown satin with darker brown cuffs and lapels. A swastika in black on a red background is embroidered on the pocket. He has a heavy silk dressing gown in similar colors.

A small writing pad and a pencil always lie on the little table at the bedside. The used sheets were torn off by the Führer or by Franz every morning, but one day when I was tidying up the room I saw a crumpled sheet lying on the floor beside the wastebasket. I quickly picked it up when Franz was not looking and put it in my pocket. I was curious to see what Hitler scribbled during his sleepless nights.

I did not look at it again until I was in my room. It seemed like a rough map of the district. Names of people were scribbled over it, and there were a lot of meaningless scrawls. I could make nothing of it, but I put it away in a drawer as a memento.

Two days later it happened that I had to go before the Gestapo for my monthly report. This is made out for every servant by Otto Schlieben, rather in the manner of a school report. To have a bad mark as a result of even the most trifling complaint from Hitler entails loss of salary and confinement to the house for a month.

On this occasion I had a clear conscience and was quite undisturbed when I stood before the desk of the Gestapo officer, one Fritz Glass.

He went through each item of the report in the usual way and said pleasantly, "An excellent report, Fräulein."

I smiled and thanked him. Then he said in the same pleasant tone, "Have you nothing on your conscience, my dear? Nothing that the good Schlieben has overlooked?"

I was startled, but I could think of nothing, and I said so. Then, sharply, he demanded:

"Where is the piece of paper you took from the Führer's bedroom, Fräulein?"

It had been a trap to test me. The paper had been left there deliberately. I tried to explain that I thought it was waste paper and had meant to burn it. But my story was a poor one and I knew it. I was sent to my room and told to stay there until further orders, pending a decision on my punishment. I was terrified as I sat there alone.

In the evening I was sent for by Schlieben to hear my fate. I was very lucky. My sentence was merely loss of pay for three months and confinement to the house for one. This was due to the fact that I had never previously been an offender and that my record was regarded as very good. Also, I think, I was pretty popular with Schlieben and with the assistant housekeeper, Elsa. Of course I was given a hard scolding and a warning that the next mistake of the same kind would mean a concentration camp.

I never allowed my curiosity to get me into trouble again. Life was pleasant enough at the Berghof. We could never leave the grounds, but the gardens are beautiful and we had plenty of exercise. Also we had our recreations and our friendships, and we had the best food in Germany. On rare occasions we were taken for motor drives around the district, though we were never allowed to leave

WHAT NAME MEANS BEST IN GASOLINE?

THIS SALE
GALLONS
FOR USE AS A MOTOR FUEL ONLY
CONTAINS LEAD
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ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE NAME "ETHYL" on a pump or its globe means that: 1. The gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock. 2. It is your gasoline dealer's finest grade of motor fuel. 3. It permits you to have your engine's spark advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy, without "knock" or "ping."

AND

The better the gas — the better your car!

TUNE IN EVERY MONDAY NIGHT—Tony Martin, Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, featured on "Tune-Up Time" over coast-to-coast network, Columbia Broadcasting System.

the cars. The only permanent cloud on the horizon was my ignorance of what had happened to my husband and to my parents. I tried repeatedly to find out from the Gestapo men, but tried in vain. They were never able to help me, or never would.

The Gestapo squad at Berchtesgaden was changed every three months, but I had always found them pleasant enough when I was on their side of the fence, and I had almost lost my terror of their organization.

One day Himmler made a new appointment. He sent one of his lieutenants, Gregor Hausmann, to become a semi-permanent representative at the Berghof. Hausmann was Goering-like in girth and had a neck that burst in folds over his uniform collar. He began a minor reign of terror among the servants. One of his first acts was to search the room of every one of us with real Gestapo thoroughness. He punished the most venial offense with the severest penalties.

He also took over the duty of examining Schlieben's monthly reports. What had previously been little more than a formality became an occasion that every one of us dreaded days beforehand. One day when I was before him I was surprised to find him unusually pleasant. "You have a very good record here, Fräulein," he said. And he picked up my hand in his fat paw. "We could do with more servants as excellent as you—and as pretty."

He leered in a way which was no doubt intended to be pleasant but which made me shudder. I sensed what was coming, and I resolved to defy him. I felt strong enough to report him to Schlieben or Elsa and I knew that it would go hard with him if I were believed. Then my hopes and confidence crashed. The fat official said smoothly, "I see, though, that there is one blot on your record—conviction of theft from the Führer's bedroom. That is very serious, Fräulein. You know what another slip would mean. I hope you are going to step carefully in future. It would be a pity if we lost you."

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **ONE BELL CALLS THE WATCH** by William Winter. The Caxton Printers.

An honest young American mariner writes his own experiences aboard an honest American ship. Read it—and be proud of your country.

I knew then that I could never oppose this man. It would be too easy for him to frame up another serious charge against me and then no one could save me. And I was determined never to see the inside of another Dachau, whatever the cost.

Two nights later I was on late duty in the kitchen when one of the phones from the bedrooms rang. Schlieben answered the phone. He listened for a few moments and then said, "Yes, Herr Hausmann."

He looked at me curiously and said, "Coffee and sandwiches for Herr Hausmann, Fräulein."

I think he guessed from the dismay on my face what was in the wind, but Hausmann was a power and Otto was not going to be inquisitive.

I filled a tray and went up to Hausmann's room with my heart pounding and a sinking sensation in my stomach. I wished I had been born fat or ugly or deformed.

I knocked at the door. A harsh voice bade me enter. Hausmann was sitting propped up in bed, reading. He had on a pair of thick horn-rimmed spectacles. He wore pale blue silk pajamas through which his rolls of fat bulged tightly. He seemed more gross than ever without his uniform.

He patted the side table with a fat paw. As I stooped and deposited the tray on it he took hold of my arm and, grinning, said, "Stay a while—Pauline. . . ."

How do the Nazis of Hitler's inner circle — Goering, little Goebbels, Himmler, Streicher, Hess the yes man —how do these characters get on together in their "great Führer's" mountain house? How did Unity Freeman-Mitford spend her time there? See for yourself, through Pauline Kohler's eyes, in Liberty next week!

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AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

DO MEN MAKE WOMEN'S HATS IN Self-defense?

Scarlett's wide-brimmed straw hat cast no shadow.

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHY should women want their hats designed by men? If men consent to render this service, is it because they are weak or because they are shrewd?

I asked these questions of John-Frederics, or rather of Mr. John, that member of the famous partnership who does the designing. Mr. Frederics is a designer too, but, recognizing his colleague's genius, he chiefly looks after the business end, which in the John-Frederics collaboration is a good deal to look after. The establishment in the ten years of its existence has sold in the United States alone over $60,000,000 worth of hats.

Mr. John is short, black-haired, and olive-skinned. He has a pleasant voice with a slight foreign accent. He talks volubly and for the most part he preserves a certain distinction and precision of phrase, but every once in a while he astonishes you. His bursts of realism are reassuring even when Rabelaisian.

I talked with him in his office, a small modernistically furnished room which no doubt was a tidy spot before he began to use it. Now there are a good many hats lying around in convenient or inconvenient places. He is apparently fond of African sculpture, and he collects cigar-store Indians. Two Indians were taking up a lot of space the day I called, and two African nudes astonished you opposite the door as you came in. On the top of each Indian and on each nude African rested a charming hat.

I explained to Mr. John that I asked my questions in no frivolous spirit; that in my opinion women's hats are not clothing, nor are they ornaments; they are Nature's signals displayed frantically in moments of distress. Whenever war threatens a violent decrease in population, Nature tries to balance the catastrophe by an equally sudden rise in the birth rate. At such moments women, through their hats, invite attention.

Mr. John shied away from any broad and philosophical discussion of his clients. He switched the conversation abruptly to women milliners, for whom he registered a pronounced distrust. Personally, I take it he respects the character and admires the skill of the ladies who rank high in his profession, but he would not put too much confidence in anything they might tell their women clients about hats, or in any theory of style which they might publicly enunciate.

A famous milliner faces a piquant problem—Why give arms to the enemy?

"After all," he said cheerfully, "they are women, and, like other women, they are most women when they deal with women. I expect from them no detached point of view."

He thinks, of course, that women wear hats out of pure exhibitionism, but he made it plain that when he spoke of exhibitionism he was not

These caps keep your hair DRY. And they're as smart as they are comfortable, too . . . (Billy Rose's "Aquacade" swimmers wear no other kind)

(*below left*) "Lorelei" in soft, pliant crepe—*stays* on without strap. (*right*) The "Dry Seal" in aviator style. Plenty of other styles, too.

These "Rings" Keep Your Hair IN—Keep Water Out

● In and out of the pool twelve times a day—seven days a week—all summer long. That's the routine of the "Aquabelles." No wonder they insist on bathing caps that really keep their hair *dry* . . . Seamless Caps, with the ingenious patented "inner rings" which seal the water out . . . fit snugly without binding. Style? Of course . . . loads of it! And a wide selection of colors to top off 1940's smartest beach wear.

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Specialists in Fine Rubber Goods for 65 Years

criticizing the ladies, merely describing the human race. He agrees that women's hats are a sex symptom, but he takes no stock in my theory that hats are related to war and death and the replenishing of the population.

He is inclined to approach the whole subject from another angle—from the point of view not of the sociologist but of the milliner. The making of hats is an old craft, and he believes an artist will find enough to occupy him in the worthy practice of his profession without guessing at the motives, conscious or unconscious, of the hat wearers, and without trying to interpret hat wearing by any universal philosophy.

"Do you always persuade your clients," said I, "to buy the hat which looks best on them?"

Mr. John replied in one of those illuminating bursts of his, as though I had stuck a pin in him. "Of course I'd rather sell nothing but thoroughly refined hats. I think refined, I talk refined, I eat refined, and I sleep refined, but some of the customers don't appreciate it. So what the hell?"

He observed regretfully that the customers have an enormous power of resistance to a designer's suggestions, especially if the designer's taste is correct. But he also thinks that you can't fool a really well dressed woman, who *is* well dressed just because she knows what is authentic and becoming.

"I've heard," said I, "that fashions can't be imposed; that the public taste in the end fixes the style."

"Maybe in the end," said Mr. John, "but not in the beginning. No second-rate milliner can dictate a style, but a first-rate talent can do so with one superb model. If a thing is so good that everybody imitates it, a style is immediately launched."

I TRIED to get him talking about feminine psychology, but he was reluctant to disclose his undoubtedly rich wisdom in that field.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose there is a certain clash in women's motives; they like to follow the fashion, and still more they like to be individuals. But perhaps there are two kinds of women rather than two sides of a woman's nature. If she usually follows the fashion, you can be pretty sure her taste is second-rate. A woman with first-rate taste is always an individual."

"Would she go so far as to be eccentric?"

"Of course not. A true stylistic talent avoids eccentricity. Great hats are like great paintings. They don't follow a tradition but they continue it. A fine style may seem new, but after you know it well you realize that it merely carries the principles a little further."

He had got away from my question about women, and for a while held me with his ideas of style and construction. The milliner, rather than his client, according to Mr. John, must choose between two contradictory impulses. Since he is a business man he wishes of course to sell his wares, but in so far as he is an artist he tries to make a hat by sound esthetic principles, and hats so made are not likely to "date." A perfectly designed hat will give satisfaction so long that, in a sense, to be a first-rate milliner is bad business.

He illustrated this point by showing me a collection of miniature hats which he made some years ago and which demonstrate the changes of fashion in the last hundred and fifty years. They look surprisingly modern. Any one of them might be revived tomorrow—probably will be.

"They are accurate reproductions," said Mr. John, "of superb designs."

"But, strange though they are," I said, "they don't seem eccentric."

"Of course not," said he. "That's good taste."

"But many of the current styles—" I persisted.

"Now you're talking of something else," said Mr. John.

MR. JOHN is a craftsman, with deep respect for all competent workers. In spite of American hopefulness, and in spite of the fact that many first-rate designers have migrated here, he believes Paris will continue for some time to be the source of fashions, because the designers' apprentices have not migrated with them. Without the apprentice system or something parallel to it, no craft or art can be properly learned. To build up an apprentice system and, even before that, to convince Americans that thorough training is necessary for anything, will take time.

By chance I asked to what extent moving pictures contributed to the influence of the hat designer. I was thinking of the uncanny power of the film to display fashions before all the women of the globe; but Mr. John's mind seized on those needs of the picture industry which present a challenge to the designer.

"They asked us," he explained, "to make a hat in the style of a certain period, and of course to do justice to the actress who wears it; but, after all, the hat is to be worn not in life but on the screen, and screen conditions must be met. Take Scarlett O'Hara's hats, for instance. I had to invent something which to the audience would seem a bonnet or a shade hat and which yet would cast no shadows on the face."

Mr. John sent for the whole set of hats and an obliging assistant put them on, one by one. In the picture the women in the background of each outdoor scene wear real bonnets or shade hats exactly like those of Civil War times, and the sight of these shadowed faces perhaps makes it easier to believe that what Scarlett is wearing in the foreground is just such a bonnet or just such a shade hat. If you remember, on one occasion Scarlett wore a fascinating green bonnet. When I examined it closely I saw to my surprise that the apparently broad brim does not project over the forehead. From no angle would any shadow be cast on the face. Though the bonnet was apparently tied down on the sides by a broad ribbon, the ribbon was really so far back on the head that the profile was quite unobstructed.

In another scene Scarlett wears a straw hat with an unusually wide brim. The hat, like the bonnet, is so designed that it casts no shadow. When Scarlett turns sideways you see her profile; when she looks right at you you see not her hat but her face. This wide-brimmed model has been sold to a retailer who has already disposed of thirty thousand copies.

The longer I talked with Mr. John, the more reasonable seemed that theory which holds that men become milliners because in the process they acquire much information about women that would not otherwise be obtainable. In the long run, Nature plays fair, supplying against every threat some kind of armor or immunity. If a man comes in constant contact with women's taste in hats and can bring himself to satisfy it, he is probably beyond seduction. It may even be unconscious self-defense in the male to design women's hats so as to excite ridicule.

But it's extraordinary that women submit to this betrayal, if betrayal it is. No doubt the men milliners feel justified if they contribute to the safety of their fellows. They will tell you plainly, if you are a man, that hats as hats have for them only a structural or esthetic interest, but that the women who wear the hats deserve good-humored contempt. But contempt, even when good-humored, communicates itself. If women are aware of it, why do they buy their hats from men?

YOU may have noticed that a man milliner is occupied with hats; a woman milliner studies her clients. This gives the man an advantage. Women don't enjoy being studied by another woman. They are fascinated by any one who ignores them. Few men are wise enough to ignore them, but it seems to come easy to men milliners. Therefore men milliners are very attractive to women.

There's a secret understanding between husbands and men milliners; an economic hostility, of course, but a harmony of taste and purpose. Mr. John told me that when a woman buys a hat that he believes is wrong for her, the woman's husband usually finds the same fault with it that he does.

"Don't you think," I said, "that the husbands are to some extent allied with men milliners by the instinct of self-defense, or self-preservation—or by a sense of humor?"

Mr. John gazed dreamily on one of his models, a young girl who was tilting a spot of color over her left ear for the edification of her client. He gazed, I mean, at the spot of color, not at the girl.

"One of our latest creations," said he in a soft, proud tone.

THE END

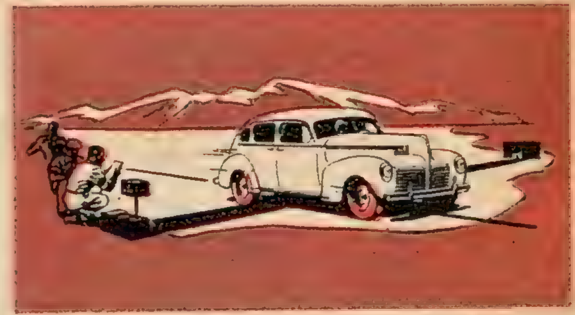
CHAMPION
PATENTED

RIDE HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME
WITH NEW
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

PERFORMANCE AND DEPENDABILITY are the two attributes which make us respect a car as a trusted friend. A new set of Champion Spark Plugs will rejuvenate the lagging performance of any car, and fill you with the urge to get out and "ride high, wide and handsome." For Champions, with their championship qualities, restore lost power, speed and acceleration, and increase gas mileage so that in a short time they have saved their small cost.

Champions make every engine a better performing engine. That's why they are the choice of most racing champions everywhere—on land, water and in the air—and of the majority of motorists the world over.

Modern high-compression engines, using modern anti-knock fuel, are more efficient than ever before. Leakage through spark plugs causes them to over-heat and pre-ignite, which in turn causes rough, uneven and wasteful engine operation. Sillment is the sensational new material used to seal Champions against gas or compression leakage, at the shoulder and through the center electrode. This exclusive and patented process seals Champions against troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs, and accounts for their better performance in today's high-compression engines. Demand dependable Champions for your car.



Under A.A.A. Contest Board supervision, a stock model Champion-equipped Hudson Eight Sedan (with overdrive and optional rear axle ratio) set a new stock car record of 91.34 miles per hour for 1000 miles on the Bonneville Salt Beds, Utah, averaging 27.12 miles per gallon.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IDA HOWELL used to be a teacher, a deaconess of a small-town church. Her husband, Clarence Howell, was a minister. But in 1921 this enterprising pair moved East from Michigan and began to specialize in New York's melting pot. Ever since then they have conducted Reconciliation Trips, Inc.—a guide service for serious sight-seeing. It is their idea that the more we know about all our mingled races, creeds, and customs, the more we'll appreciate American democracy.

Over week-ends the Howells steer out-of-towners through Manhattan's labyrinth of nations and notions. They take in Harlem, Chinatown, the East Side, the garment district, Wall Street, the Bowery, etc. Open talks are arranged, with spokesmen for the Catholics, Communists, Chinese and Japanese, Jews, Fascists, Nazis, Moslems, atheists, anarchists, *et al.* Each trip takes seven or eight hours, costs from one to two dollars. Trips for poor refugees from Europe cost as little as twenty cents. Groups number between twenty-five and two hundred; often include welfare workers, visiting churchmen, sometimes Boy Scouts, but run mostly to schoolteachers and college girls. A favorite trip covers the great wholesale food markets in the busy middle of the night, and the trippers always get handouts from merry produce men of the Al Smith tradition. However sedate they may be at home, in Harlem few trippers can resist the colored jazz music without dancing.

☆ A New Jersey girl met a handsome Arab student on one of these trips. They fell in love and were married. Then they fell out of love and parted. About a year afterward they both applied separately for another Howell excursion. Met all over again; fell right back in love and were *reconciled.* Which tickled Ida and Clarence Howell immensely.

The trouble with this true story of reconciliation is that the happy ending wouldn't stay put. The handsome Arab and his Jersey bride have drifted three times apart, three times back together. But this year there's a new character in the story. They have a baby—and babies have long been our world's slickest workers for real reconciliation.

☆ Tall ladies are in a class by themselves as letter writers. From coast to coast, they're sending me bushels of mail in response to my recent item about Peg Newton, who styles smart clothes for tall-ies; and their letters are the liveliest I've ever received from any one type of women. Miss J. Campbell, self-signed Bronx "Amazon," brings up an important point. Says a tall girl is much more conspicuous than other girls when entering a room—therefore should study her entrance and exits like an actress. That's true. Because of her size every extra tall girl is on the stage, so to speak, all her life.

☆ Try this *Almond-Raspberry Ring* while the berries are plentiful. It makes a perfect dessert for dinner parties in early summer. . . . Whip 3 whole eggs and 3 extra yolks with 1 cup granulated sugar until very light. Add a pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, rind of 1 lemon, 4 large soda crackers finely crumbled, and ½ pound almonds ground fine, brown skins and all. Fold in 3 egg whites beaten stiff, and pour mixture into buttered ring mold. Bake 35 to 40 minutes in slow oven. Let cool in inverted pan; loosen with knife; remove to platter and dust with powdered sugar. Just before serving fill center with 2 cups sweetened whipped cream flavored with vanilla and mixed with 1½ cups crushed raspberries. Decorate top with choice cherries, halved and pitted.

☆ Sworn to secrecy about the origin of her attractive hats, a lady of my acquaintance is being called uppish by her women friends. They ask where her hats come from and she won't tell. She *dassent* tell. Her husband has threatened horrid revenge if she ever does, because it's he who makes her hats—and he's a hard-boiled army officer! Started it as a joke while recuperating from a severe illness. It amused him, so he keeps on. He is a natural-born genuis at millinery—but you can imagine how the troops would whoop if they found out!

☆ Lately the painters have become so popular that you're not quite in step unless you know a bit about them. E. H. Ramsden's new handbook, An Introduction to Modern Art, tells the facts. (Published by the Oxford University Press. $1.75.)

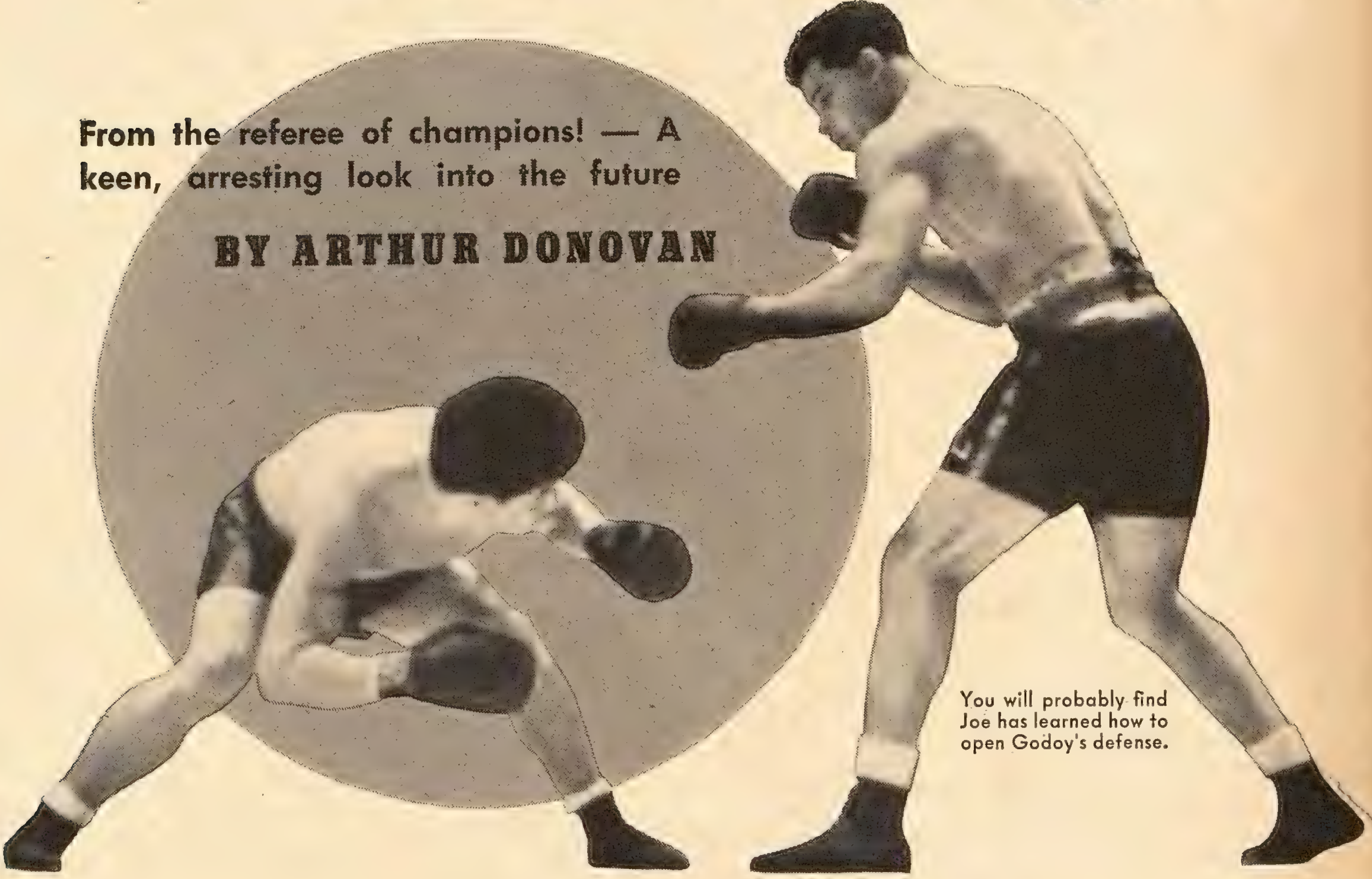
☆ The old feud between cat lovers and bird fanciers came to a showdown last month in Kansas. A game commissioner, out to protect quail, ruled that Kansas cats could be shot at sight. Kansas women went promptly on the warpath. "If you shoot our cats," warned an organization of farmers' wives, "we'll close our land to all hunters, and *we'll* keep you off with our husbands' shotguns!" They meant it, too. The quail man surrendered after two weeks, so you'll be happy to know that cats are safe again in Kansas.

"That reminds me—it's Father's Day!"

will the Louis-Godoy battle be Joe's last Fight?

From the referee of champions! — A keen, arresting look into the future

BY ARTHUR DONOVAN



You will probably find Joe has learned how to open Godoy's defense.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

ARE we to have a new champion of the world? Or will Joe Louis rally all his forces and sweep away the claims of Godoy to the crown? To those who remember only how slow and sleepy Louis was in the first fight, let me offer one bit of advice: Stop, look, and listen. Joe will make this the fight of his life.

It was an entirely different Louis who knocked Johnny Paycheck cold. He was a new man, physically and mentally.

That was the fifth time I saw Louis hit like that while I was in there as referee. The first time I saw Louis land it was on Primo Carnera. Primo flew backward, turned as he fell, and came to rest face down.

The next time I saw that punch was when Louis fought Eddie Simms. Eddie was a good fast big man with plenty of experience. But Joe got his range and shot that bullet right fist at Eddie's chin. Simms flew backward and his head bounced high off the floor. Concussion.

The third time I saw the punch, it finished Jack Sharkey's career. The fourth time I saw it as referee, the blow stove in Schmeling's left side and put him in the hospital for weeks. The fifth time, as I have said, it destroyed poor Paycheck.

The thing that hit me hardest about those perfectly judged and terrific punches was that Louis delivered most of them when he was sore and resenting the abuse that had been showered on him after he had made a poor showing in the ring. And that is the frame of mind Joe is in today, silent as ever, but burning to prove himself once more the best man. So it's up to Arturo Godoy to watch his step.

But watching his step is one of the best things Godoy does. In the first place, he has no more fear of the champion than he'd have of a preliminary boy. He is a tough, laughing, natural-born fighting man, seasoned by eight years of hard work in the ring; and he has a queer, crouching defense. It puzzled Louis so completely that in a long hour of fighting Joe could not figure out a way to stop him. But you may depend on it that by this time Joe has had plenty of practice in the art of feinting a man up out of his crouch and readying him for the knockout. Once Joe learns a thing, he never forgets it. Remember, he couldn't keep out of the way of Schmeling's right all through the twelve rounds of their first fight; but when they went at it the second time, Max couldn't hit Joe with anything.

Yet we can't overlook Godoy for a minute. He is ambitious for the title and all the fame and money it would bring him. He laughs as he fights, and that kind of a contender is always hard to stop. In their last battle Louis landed one uppercut on the jaw that looked as if it would tear Godoy's head off; but before Joe could follow up his advantage, Arturo laughed, got himself together, and drove his right fist into the champion's belly.

Godoy stood up under Joe's fire better than any of the others I've seen. Usually a fighter's legs are the first things to give way under punishment. Godoy's legs must be rigged with steel springs, to judge by the way he kept dancing in until the last bell.

I wonder whether we shall see Godoy in this battle once more keep Louis guessing and missing. I doubt it very much. You will probably find that Joe has learned how to open Godoy's defense. If he has, Arturo will not have a chance.

The Chilean is big, strong, fast, and rugged enough to be a champion —if he has learned how to hit hard. He landed often on Louis, but the only mark he left was a small mouse under Joe's left eye. His body blows had more zing in them, but not enough to weaken Joe. If Godoy has picked up hitting power, he may drop Louis as Galento did, and his awkward defense will make it hard for Joe to reach him when he gets up. When you think of his courage, gay but not reckless, of his unlimited stamina and steel-spring legs, you can't help feeling that Arturo has everything a champion needs—except the punch.

So the big question is whether or not Godoy has developed a real punch since last they met. Possibly he has, though it is hard to see how he could do so. He hasn't fought in the meantime, and he has been busy traveling through the country, earning big money as the only man who came near beating Joe Louis in fifteen rounds. That means getting meals and sleep at irregular times. That sort of thing is bad for a fighter's physical condition.

Another thing: Godoy's style has been set by eight years of battling in the ring. It would take superhuman power to change it.

Louis, defending his title, will be struggling with two heavy handicaps —ring fear and disgust. I don't mean fear of being hurt. I mean the fear that haunts every champion when he goes into the ring—that a slip, a sprained ankle or a broken hand, or a lucky wild punch by the challenger may take away his title.

The disgust I have in mind is the disgust every ring veteran has for the drudgery of training. For weeks before the battle he has to eat, sleep, work, and play according to the exact schedule his trainer lays out for him. So many miles on the road every day, so many sweaty hours in the gym, so many rounds with sparring partners.

That is why every champion from Corbett to Louis has hated his job. He likes to fight, but training burns him up.

Louis has lived his three years of championship in this tiresome treadmill. He has defended his title ten times in that short space, something no other champion has dreamed of doing. He has all the money he wants, all the fine clothes and gorgeous cars. His talk about retiring at the end of this year shows that the burden of the championship is bearing down on him, and bearing down hard.

That is one reason why Louis has prepared for this contest with extraordinary care: he wants to walk out undefeated.

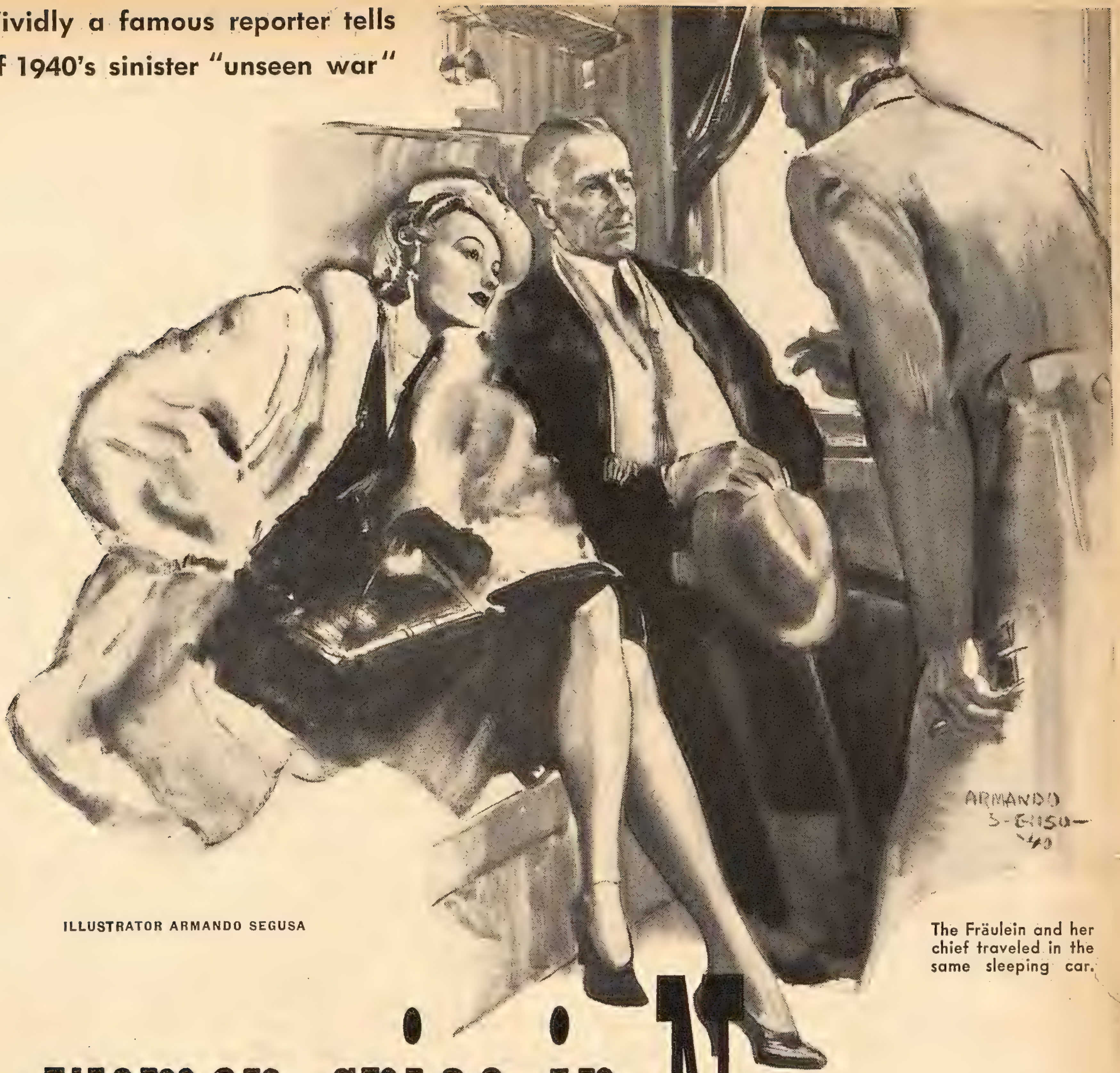
Pride comes into the situation, too. Louis knows that his people look up to him as the hero who has done more than any other Negro of our time to make the world respect his race.

This probably will be the champion's last battle. I have no certain information of this, but, in view of his talk of resigning at the end of the year, it seems most likely. He ought to get a great kick out of turning the laugh on those who have been laughing at him. With all the reasons I have named driving him on, you can guess how he will swoop down on Godoy. With no more battles in prospect, Joe can cut loose with every punch he has; for a cracked knuckle or two won't make any difference. He knows Arturo can't hurt him—or at least didn't hurt him last time—so he can easily afford to swap punches with him and win. This ought to be the greatest fight we've had in many a year, with Louis at the peak of his power.

THE END

IF YOUR ROMANCE ISN'T "CLICKING"
LOOK AT YOUR SKIN AND SEE IF IT'S DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING!
TO HELP KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION ALLURINGLY SMOOTH, USE THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
LOOK, SIS! I REALLY DON'T BLAME DON FOR LOSING INTEREST! A MAN ADORES SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN AND YOU'VE LET YOURS GET SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING! YOU KNOW I TOLD YOU SOME TIME AGO THAT YOU OUGHT TO TRY PALMOLIVE SOAP!
BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH ... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, SIS—BECAUSE YOUR COMPLEXION IS SIMPLY GORGEOUS! SO I GUESS I'D BETTER START USING PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!
PALMOLIVE
MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

Vividly a famous reporter tells of 1940's sinister "unseen war"



ILLUSTRATOR ARMANDO SEGUSA

The Fräulein and her chief traveled in the same sleeping car.

women spies in Norway

BY LELAND STOWE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE only pleasant thing I can tell you about this war is that I have discovered a war correspondent's life begins at forty. Last September, a New York editor told me I was too old to cover a war. Colonel Frank Knox didn't think so. That's why I was particularly pleased when I had the good fortune to bring two world beats out of Norway for the Chicago Daily News during the first fifteen days of the German invasion.

There are some things about these wars, though, that we never get into our dispatches. The most important of these concerns the biggest war of all—the unseen war: the treacherous ears and the stealthy fingers and the unseen watching eyes. You can't write about these, because you have to belong to the counterespionage service to get a fraction of the facts—and then you could only report them to the Intelligence Department of your own government. Nevertheless, every war correspondent lives surrounded by the secret war. The only place to escape it is at the front.

The unseen war is much more formidable and terrifyingly organized than that from 1914 to 1918, chiefly because Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia have perfected the weapons of espionage, bribery, and betrayal as never before. Since September tens of thousands of gallant men have been killed and are still being killed by weapons they cannot possibly combat. That is how Norway's most powerful naval fortresses were seized by the Germans within the space of a few hours. Political conspirators, spies, and traitors are winning greater battles than armies and fleets. In Norway I saw the most fantastic and incredible triumph of this oily triumvirate. More, it will cost the British and French many men and perhaps months of conflict before they can begin to even the score. How does this unseen war affect war correspondents? Here's an example:

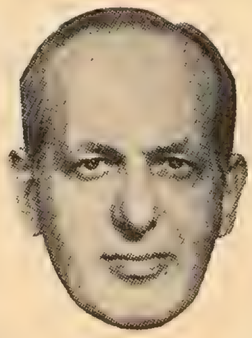
Half a dozen of us went over to the front, north of Lake Ladoga. Sortavala had been badly bombed, and the Finnish command had fixed up a new press headquarters, a swell place, fifteen miles beyond the town and along the lake shore, in a lovely summer villa. It was made of native rock cut deep into the side of a hill.

Captain Larry von Willebrandt, the best press officer in all Finland, was with us on that trip. Back in Helsingfors, a week later, he came steaming up with the news: "Say, you remember that swell hide-out we stayed at beyond Sortavala? Well, they got it a couple of nights after we left it. The Russians dropped at least twenty bombs all around it. They put one right through the roof. No, nobody got hurt. But think of it—we'd only been using that house for about eight days. Why did they pick it out instead of any one of dozens along that road? I tell you, the espionage is getting damned serious!"

That brought home the lesson that spies are just as much the enemies of newspaper correspondents as they are of active combatants. In the eyes of the Gestapo or the Gay-Pay-Oo, newsmen who try to report war developments as honestly and fully as they can under the limitations of censorship must frequently be classed as dangerous adversaries.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty



DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

New York	WOR	9.00 p.m.	E.D.T.	Thurs. & Sat.
Boston	WAAB	9.00 p.m.	E.D.T.	Thurs. & Sat.
Cleveland	WHK	8.00 p.m.	E.S.T.	Thurs.
Baltimore	WBAL	8.00 p.m.	E.S.T.	Thurs.
Chicago	WGN	8.15 p.m.	C.D.T.	Thurs.
		8.00 p.m.	C.D.T.	Sat.

Have I met any spies? Indeed I have, including a number of budding Mata Haris. But I haven't the slightest idea how many I have met. That's one of the nastiest aspects about the secret war. It's around you all the time. Here in Sweden it has been raging with deadly skill and dire intention for several years. But wherever a correspondent goes in Europe today he is watched; and whatever he says is listened to. In any supposedly neutral city we are constantly solicited by an endless procession of curious individuals. Many of them are too smooth—or too flattering. You get the unpleasant feeling that you're being watched.

Of course women like Vera (at Stockholm's palatial war-spy rendezvous, the Grand Hotel) are rather too obvious to be dangerous. Vera is too direct and her sex appeal suffers from having been overworked. But Vera has pairs of both eyes and legs and does her best. She's been living at the Grand without any visible means of support for months. During the Russo-Finnish war, she claimed she was Polish and engaged to a wealthy Finn. She wanted to join her lover in Helsingfors, but she adored writing—so she wanted to get assigned to cover the war for some newspaper. Vera even walked boldly into the room of one American correspondent and asked him to let her sit and watch him work, so she could become a newspaperwoman. You can see that Vera isn't much of a menace. Probably she only serves as a tipster on new arrivals. But she still stays at the expensive Grand Hotel. And she

It's GENE KRUPA "swinging away" a *HEADACHE!*

I TAKE BROMO-SELTZER. NOTHING ELSE I'VE TRIED GIVES ME THAT SAME ALL-ROUND RELIEF. IT HELPS HEAD, STOMACH, NERVES!

Why BROMO-SELTZER does more for you than a simple pain reliever can—helps head, stomach, nerves

If you get headaches often—if they last—see your doctor. But most headaches are simple ones. For such headaches, Bromo-Seltzer does all this:

1. **RELIEVES PAIN**—gets to work quickly
2. **STEADIES NERVES**—leaves you calmer
3. **SETTLES STOMACH**—relieves "sick" feeling

For over 50 years, millions have taken Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on the label. At all drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

"THAT DRUMMIN' MAN" leads a strenuous life! Club dates, stage shows, endless rehearsals mean headaches aplenty . . . but Gene gets more all-round relief with Bromo-Seltzer.

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

Liked more because it **does** more for headache

seems to have forgotten all about joining her fiancé in Helsingfors. Maybe she has a new one now who is stranded in the Namsos war zone.

The blonde Fräulein from Berlin was much higher class. She looked like a mannequin: streamlined, classic profile, and all that. She and her chief traveled in the same sleeping car in the Copenhagen-Stockholm Express last December 2 when I was rushing for Finland. The Fräulein was very friendly, and her chief—with such an eyeful of a secretary—wasn't at all jealous. That fact struck me as peculiar.

Then I was in Oslo five days before the Germans got in. Who should be knocking them off their feet in our hotel lobby but the same tall slender-hipped Fräulein. We bowed, but I was very busy. So was her German companion — very busy indeed. I watched the Fräulein and her new boy friend, and they watched me. I knew he wasn't wasting all that energy on selling German flashlights or harmonicas. I felt sure he was after big game of some sort. On Tuesday, April 9, the big guy was on the balcony giving the Nazi salute to 1,500 German soldiers as they occupied Norway's capital. His chic blonde hailed them with smiles of delight.

WHEN I left Finland, I wanted to forget about war for a few days at least. A famous Swedish winter sports resort near the Norwegian border seemed a good place. That first night, at the little hotel, I couldn't help noticing a tall hawk-faced man who spoke Oxfordian English but obviously came from somewhere between Switzerland and Bulgaria. The women were falling over him. His gestures were too extravagant and he talked rather too loudly and too much. I didn't like the guy. When some one told me he was Prince Whoozis, I understood why.

A British colleague had told me about the prince in Stockholm, and I had also heard about him in Finland, where he had announced himself as a volunteer. The prince suddenly returned to Stockholm early in February. He wore a handsome uniform and informed British and American correspondents at the Grand that he was on an important twenty-four-hour mission for the Finns. Two days later he was still there but wearing civilian clothes. He hung around the foreign newsmen for quite a while, telling stories with much verve and joviality and asking pertinent questions in between. My English friend swore he had reliable information to the effect that the prince had been ordered out of Finland by Field Marshal Baron Carl Gustav Mannerheim —on suspicion of being a Nazi spy.

I wouldn't think of accusing the prince of anything like that. I only know what I observed. A young Swedish flapper was crazy about him. But she was pretty badly rebuffed until one day a first-rank Swedish notable arrived, together with a colonel who holds a place in Sweden's air force. The colonel proved to be the flapper's father. After that the prince developed an extraordinary interest in the colonel's wide-eyed daughter.

Back in Stockholm, a few days ago, I heard that our gay and carefree winter sportsman was reported to have been in personal consultation with the German Minister in Stockholm. It was also reported that when he returned to the sports resort he developed a sudden interest in Norwegian maps and mountain trails. That was but a short time before the German troops invaded Norway.

All this, of course, may have been sheer coincidence. Maybe the prince is just a titled playboy who works too hard at being the life of the party. But if that's the case, Sweden is a mighty poor place for a supercultured gentleman who is only interested in having a good time. After what happened in Norway all foreigners are quite naturally suspect in Sweden. The forces of espionage and counter-espionage are waging a momentous and increasingly ruthless struggle.

The other day, behind the North Trondheim front, I met a Norwegian sailor. He told me about something which had just happened in a little northern seacoast village. Cargo boats put out regularly from a nearby port, loaded with supplies for England. For months a large number of these freighters had been sunk by U-boats and the list of drowned Norwegian seamen mounted steadily.

The villagers became increasingly suspicious of one of their townsmen who was married to a German woman. When the Nazis invaded Norway, the villagers decided that they had been tolerant too long. They grabbed the suspect, tied a noose around his neck, and strung him up. When he was blue in the face, they cut him down and said, "Now, tell the truth."

THE miserable Norwegian confessed that he had been on the pay rolls as a Nazi spy for two years. In regard to the cargo ships bound for England, he had given the time of their departure to German submarines waiting in the fjord — by signaling with a bicycle lamp. The sailor said the spy was being held for a court-martial.

Thousands of bicycle-lamp traitors serve in the shadow of battalions of the unseen war. There was a plot to seize Norway, and it was sprung with astounding skill. There were plots against Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Belgium, and Holland. There may be plots, made or in the making, which bear the names of other countries.

My war correspondent's life began at forty, so it's only a few months old now. Even so, I've learned two things worth remembering. Hidden enemies are the most dangerous—and so long as a war is on, a newspaperman has got to be suspicious of all strangers, all acquaintances, and even some friends. Maybe bombs and machine guns are fairly clean, after all.

THE END

Quench your Thirst with a Sloe Gin Fizz!

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SLOE GIN
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Cool and refreshing—with a taste as smooth as rare Burgundy!

Red as a ruby in color—rich as old Burgundy in flavor—that's a Sloe Gin Fizz made the Old Mr. Boston way! From plum-like, *imported sloe berries* come its tempting, delightful taste and tang—its superb goodness of flavor. Enjoy a tall, frosty Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin Fizz!

MR. BOSTON'S OWN RECIPE. 2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin; juice of ½ lemon; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; fill 8-oz. glass with seltzer; decorate with slice of lemon.

OLD MR. BOSTON
SLOE GIN
America's Largest-Selling Sloe Gin

BEN-BURK, INC., BOSTON, MASS. 70 PROOF

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES Quiz

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct	Excellent
30 Correct	Good
25 Correct	Fair
20 Correct	Passing
Under 20	Failing

1—Who was the first Governor of New York, later Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to consider a third term for President?

2—What candidate has made famous the invitation, "Let's strike a blow for liberty"?

3—Has President Roosevelt ever expressed himself publicly on the question of running for a third term?

4—What candidate started life as a newsboy and now owns about a score of newspapers, including some of those which he himself once hawked?

5—Which candidates have been divorced?

6—How has Jack Garner amassed a part of his fortune?

7—Which candidates employ members of their families as their secretaries?

8—What candidate bears the name of a famous American war hero?

9—What candidate once posed for a photograph caressing a cow while wearing a fedora hat and neat kid gloves?

10—What candidate, if elected, probably would be the last President of the United States to have been born in a log cabin?

11—What famous political prediction which came true was made by Jim Farley?

12—What candidate was described by William Allen White as "merely Garner in a high hat, a white vest, a pongee silk scarf, pumps, and the glamour of a movie hero"?

13—What dark-horse candidate has been called "the Swing Man" of the Supreme Court?

14—What candidate, born a Quaker, got his start as a Montana lawyer because he lost his railroad-transportation money in a poker game and could not leave town?

15—What candidate, a widower, is raising three children?

16—Who is the man Roosevelt considers best qualified for the Presidency if he did not have to worry about political considerations?

17—What candidate's wife resembles Queen Elizabeth of England and, like the Queen, is a great asset to her husband?

By
DREW PEARSON
and
ROBERT S. ALLEN

Authors of Washington Merry-Go-Round

18—What candidate last year was voted the ablest man in the House of Representatives?

19—What candidate once sued a woman for blackmail and secured a conviction?

20—What candidate once sued the government of the United States for $1.07?

21—Who coined the phrase, "I'll be in there, playing first base," and in what way does he use it?

22—Which candidates besides Vice-President Garner have been denounced by John L. Lewis?

23—Why do friends of Thomas E. Dewey call him "Buster"?

24—Which candidate turned down the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination on the Landon ticket in 1936?

25—What dark-horse candidate won his reputation by cleaning up the stock market?

26—The father and grandfather of one candidate served in the Cabinets of Theodore Roosevelt and Ulysses S. Grant. Who is he, and what job did his father and grandfather hold?

27—What Democratic candidate was born in a Southern county which today has only one telephone and one Negro family?

28—What candidate started life as a choir singer?

29—Which of the candidates is tone deaf, yet hums almost constantly?

30—In what respect has Jim Farley's signature become famous?

31—What New Deal liberal whose political ideas are not acceptable to Jack Garner would be acceptable to him as a candidate because of their old friendship in the House of Representatives?

32—What Republican candidate was unopposed by Roosevelt when he came up for re-election to the Senate, and is sometimes called to the White House for conferences on Senate strategy?

33—What dark-horse candidate speaks Italian, German, Croatian, Yiddish, French, and Spanish, and has served both in the United States army and consular service?

34—What Republican dark-horse candidate has sold the largest amount of property to the government?

35—Who has the most popular private refrigerator on Capitol Hill?

36—What Presidential candidate has the most children?

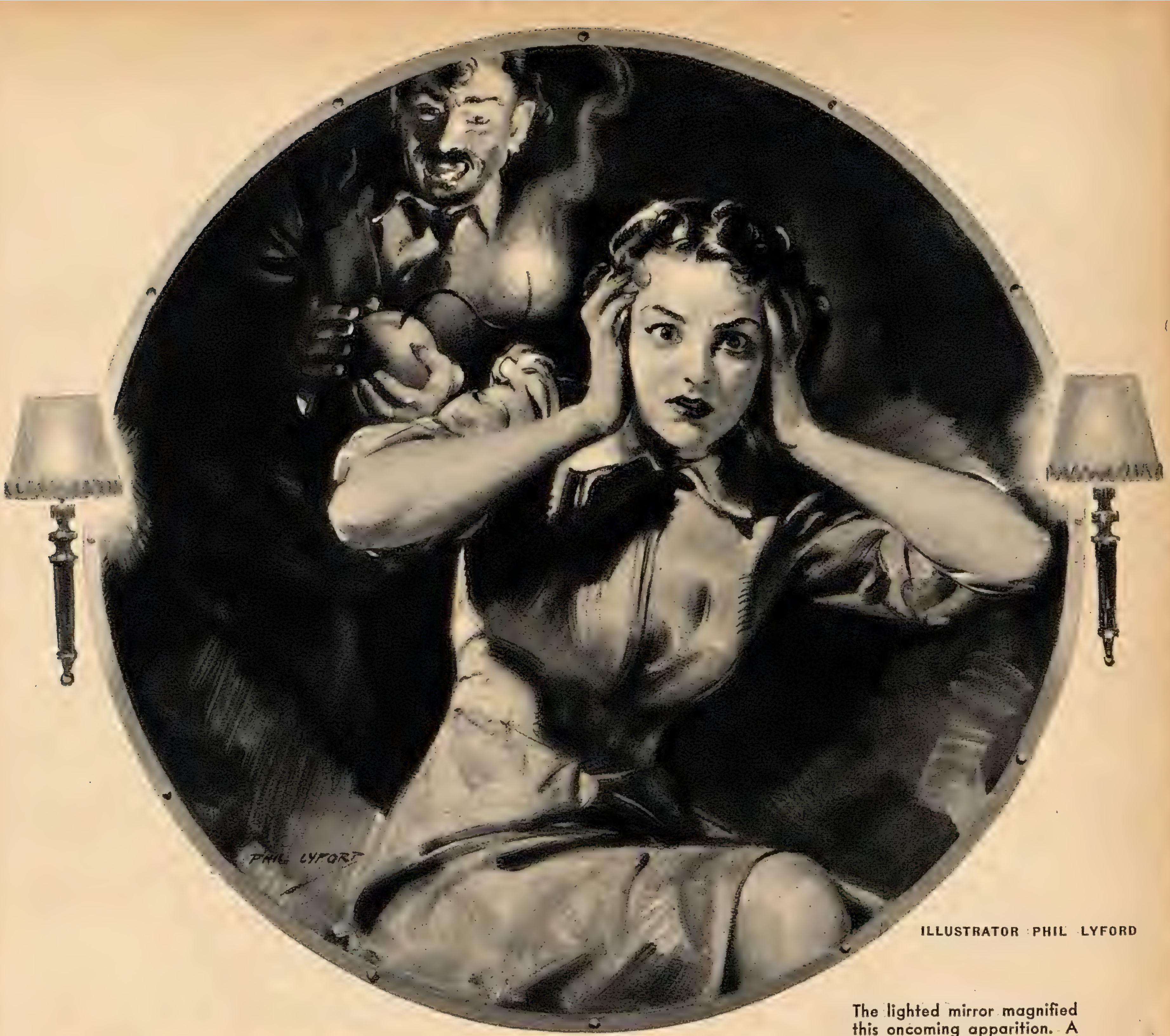
37—What candidate was decorated by three foreign governments for relief work during the World War?

38—What dark-horse candidate, an Annapolis graduate, helped perfect a new system of stoking battleships?

39—What candidate has publicly called upon President Roosevelt to resign?

40—Who is the candidate of Moses Annenberg, Philadelphia publisher, and Joe Pew, official of the Sun Oil Company?

(Answers will be found on page 56)



ILLUSTRATOR PHIL LYFORD

The lighted mirror magnified this oncoming apparition. A scream rose to Dee's throat.

MONEY talks

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WHEN a good-looking man—who seems strangely familiar to her—spills coffee on Dee Mason's dress in a Radio City coffee shop a short time before she is to appear on a radio program for amateurs, she accepts his offer to buy her a new dress. She has nothing else fit to wear, and her success on the amateur hour means a great deal to her and to her family on Cape Cod, since it may lead to a job on a church program.

Dee is attracted to the man, about whom she knows nothing except that he too is to be on the air that evening. When her broadcast is over, she meets him and goes with him to his three-masted schooner which is anchored in the Hudson. The ship's salon seems to be ready for a party. The man shows Dee two Polish war orphans, twins, whom he has adopted, and then takes her over the ship. They are back in the salon having supper when a well dressed crowd—most of them slightly drunk—arrives, led by a beautiful blonde called Eloise. One of the men announces to Dee's host, whom he calls "Walter," that Eloise didn't go to Reno after all. And Walter, the man whom, stranger or no, Dee realizes she has come to love, introduces Eloise to Dee as his wife.

PART THREE—BROKEN MAGIC

NEVER before had Dee been in a more awkward spot than she was in now in the glittering salon of the schooner Emeralda, with a crowd of exuberant New Yorkers

Sudden drama, swift surprise enter a stirring, tense tale of love that was greater than riches.

OUT WHERE THE FUN BEGINS!

So you're going to the lake? Grand! But don't stop short at the shore! Get a Sea-Horse for your boat—and watch the family's fun begin! Swimming. Picnicking. An evening spin in the breeze. And for yourself, *new fishing thrills!*

See your Johnson dealer (he is listed under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book) and get his expert advice on the motor to suit your needs.

JOHNSON DEPENDABILITY STARTS AT $49.50 F.O.B. FACTORY

Sea-Horses offer you the things you need for real, care-free fun. Power. Perfected Alternate Firing smoothness. The *quiet* of built-in Underwater Exhaust. Synchro-Control. Patented Co-Pilot. And REVERSE!

Johnson prices are *low.* And many Johnson dealers sell on easy time payments.

Johnson Motors, 1404 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill.
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

Deluxe Twin
Ready-Pull Starter
$94.50
f.o.b. factory

FREE!
New Sea-Horse Handy Chart
describing Johnson's 11 great motors for 1940. New features! New models! Fully illustrated. Sent free. Write today!

ONLY JOHNSON HAS ALL THREE!
1. Perfected Alternate Firing
2. Built-in Underwater Exhaust
3. 360° Steering with REVERSE

JOHNSON SEA-HORSE
OUTBOARD MOTORS

turning on the radio, taking possession of the bar, and with the man-called-Walter's wife facing her coldly! This was even worse than her childhood nightmare of singing at a church social and having her petticoat fall off!

Dee looked at Walter, noticed his drawn face, unhappy eyes. Her heart—which was already his, even though he would never know it!—suffered for him. She didn't know who he was; didn't know why his wife had started to Reno, or why she had come back. But Dee did know she fervently wished that she, Dee, hadn't been here to upset the home-coming! And she intended to get off this boat and out of this man's obviously complicated life as soon as she gracefully could.

DEE, fortunately, was a pretty self-controlled young person. Therefore none of her mental agitation showed on her animated face as she calmly took Mrs. Walter's jeweled hand. "How do you do, Mrs.—" she began, then realized that she didn't even know Walter's last name! A wave of color stained her cheeks.

Walter's wife noticed, smiled dangerously. She relished situations, had a positively gluttonous appetite for them. She loved to watch human beings—particularly women—wriggle like flies impaled on pins. And she intended to make this too attractive young person wriggle before she got rid of her! It was maddening, anyway, to find this young person here! Walter had never done this sort of trick before. He should have been waiting miserably alone, as usual, to receive her, Eloise, forgivingly! Surely, after all these years, he knew that nothing would make her divorce him or make her let him divorce her!

Eloise's tilted green eyes flashed now. She was a gorgeous Dido-like creature, this wife of Walter's, and Dee was admiring her even while feeling increasingly uncomfortable in her regal presence. She was so tall and supple and golden. Her hair was golden, her skin, her heavy, bell-like jewelry, and the brocade pattern on her frost-white gown. Even her eyebrows, which darted upward at a straight diabolical angle above her slanting jade eyes, were fiercely golden. And her voice was purringly so.

Walter's wife spoke now—in accents slightly thickened by the numerous cocktails consumed in a celebrational round before boarding the Emeralda. "So good of you, Miss—Morgan, is it?—to take pity on my poor lonesome husband. Although he really should have guessed that I wouldn't go far or be away long. . . . Shouldn't you have guessed that, Walter darling?" She leaned toward him like a lily swaying in the wind—a somewhat drunken lily.

Again he steadied her. "Yes, I should have guessed that, Eloise." The patience in his voice was like the patience of a resigned mother of many children. "Miss Mason is from Eastmouth, Eloise. The daughter of Cap'n Mason, the postmaster there."

"Oh? Daughter of the village postmaster? How amusing." But Eloise's eyes were not amused. "Walter, pet, aren't you having rather a run on offspring of town officials? Aren't your precious twins some Polish bill-collector's or constable's children?"

"They are now *my* children, legally adopted," he corrected her. "And they *were* the orphans of a Danzig professor killed in the invasion. I told you—"

"Oh, yes, so you did. But you aren't really going to keep them, Walt! Not underfoot, I mean. It's too fantastic!"

"We won't discuss that issue again! I suggest, El, that we order in more supper for our guests. Dee and I haven't yet finished, and we'd feel better if you all joined us."

Eloise shrugged. "Want food?" she called to the room in general. To which the tenor of the combined answers seemed to be, "Definitely not! Why muddy the river of shining liquor with the sediment of even the best of food?"

Dee wasn't looking at or listening to the crowd. She was staring in amazement at Walter. How did he know her name was Dee? Granted he knew who her father was—after putting through the telephone call for her. But *her* name—

He caught her glance of interrogation, shrugged ruefully, and with the first smile that she had seen in his eyes since his wife's arrival, he told her everything in the words, "By the way, Dee, have you seen my father recently? He's still at Bassett Hill."

Then Dee knew! It all rolled over her. How blind the eyes of her memory had been! This man, with whom she had so foolishly, uncontrollably, fallen in love only a few hours previous, was none other than the fabulous Walter Bassett, the man whom she had met once or twice during a long-ago childhood summer, and the man who had grown up to be the golden fable of Eastmouth! He was a multimillionaire in his own right; as his father was a multimillionaire. The Bassett family had a magnificent summer place a few miles from Mason's Cove, a place to which Walter Bassett, philanthropist, world traveler, never came, but which his father haunted.

YET, where old Major Bassett had the name of being a bitter old man, a recluse, a misanthrope, his son had always been regarded, even at a distance, as being an eccentric but openhanded acolyte of Santa Claus! It was Walter Bassett who had sent from some wild exploring expedition the stuffed animals and funds for the little museum in Eastmouth. It was his money that had built the hospital. It was from him that the Eastmouth Sea Scouts had received their splendid old square-rigger and the wherewithal to provision it for years to come. His money had bestowed other blessings—about which there were only whispers. For Walter Bassett—so even Cape Codders, who mistrust rich city folks on general principles, admitted admiringly—hated to be caught in the act of giving as violently as Santa Claus hated to be seen bending over a stocking in Christmas Eve firelight.

Dee, looking with recognition into Walter's sea- and life-seasoned eyes, knew all these things. And knew more. She remembered the quixotic story of his marriage. Remembered that this golden wife of his had once been a newspaper-exploited victim of one of the most viciously reported scandals in Boston—as well as world—newspapers. Dee remembered only hazily the story; for she had been not yet in her teens when it had happened. But she remembered that Walter Bassett's mother had broken up this girl's home by running away with the girl's father. Remembered that this girl's mother had committed suicide. Remembered that they had all been family friends of long years' standing and that the break-up had been consequently the more shatteringly tragic. Therefore this girl Eloise, a beautiful, brilliant, unsteady creature, had been completely crushed by the ruin of her home. She, too, had attempted suicide, been rescued. And Walter, out of misplaced chivalry—so many of his friends had said—had married her. That had been years previous when this wife of Walter's had been only eighteen. Since then she had led him a merry chase; and he had spent as much time as possible wandering about the globe; but nothing would induce him to divorce her.

The story flashed through Dee's mind now when Walter gave her the clue by speaking of his father.

"Yes," Dee answered his question. And—to her everlasting credit in his eyes—her voice didn't betray more than a flicker of surprise, "I saw your father in the post office just a few days ago. He's staying later than usual this year, isn't he?"

Walter, intrigued and amused by Dee's calm, nodded. "October in Eastmouth! Lord, I envy him! I love that place, even if I haven't been there for years. I wish I had time to take a run up there now."

ELOISE interrupted: "Oh, no; you don't go to any more funny places for a while! I can't trust you alone—even in New York! You pick up orphans and such the minute my back is turned." Her tone indicated quite pointedly that Dee was the *and such.* "Besides, as soon as I finish my book, I want you to take me somewhere really gay—Paris or Monte Carlo or the Italian lakes."

"No spot in Europe will be gay for some time to come," Walter prophesied. To Dee he said, "My wife is writing a book on psychology—a learned tome."

"She's collaborating on one, you mean," Eloise corrected. Then, as she turned toward the door of the salon, her whole expression, manner, personality seemed to undergo a kind of melting change. "And here comes my collaborator!" she announced. She lifted her voice—now pure honey. "Phil," she sang, "I'm so glad you could get here! Come meet Walter, the wandering husband, back at last from Poland. Walter, this is Dr. Philip Paisley, most brilliant psychiatrist in New York City and my boss, teacher, collaborator!"

The newcomer lazily smiled, with a gleam of very white teeth under his black mustache. He was a heavy-set man, in his late thirties, dark, sure of himself, excessively well groomed, and almost insolently handsome. He had soul-and-body-stripping eyes. And he now directed their penetrating glance first on Eloise, with a kind of deliberate neglect; on Walter, with gentle search; and on Dee, with veiled amusement.

To Dee his amusement was so apparent that she thought swiftly, I bet he has been standing out on deck peering in at us, taking us apart!

But Dee had neither time to enlarge upon this flash of intuition nor to think up a speech of farewell to the party. For another newcomer bounded in. And now the evening which, for Dee, had become a nightmare—began to be a funny nightmare. For this newcomer carried with him both humor and a merry, crazy kind of sanity. She liked him at once.

This person with brown fuzzy hair, snub nose, jolly eyes twinkling behind thick glasses, was the direct antithesis of the suave psychiatrist. "Hello, everybody!" this new arrival shouted. "Confucius say—"

How to
suit yourself
at drink-time

1. Here's a very acceptable outfit for afternoon-highball time. And for suiting your palate to a T, we suggest a highball made with Paul Jones. You'll go for its DRY, un-sweet tang . . . its swell, ALL-whiskey flavor. You'll learn why it has been "A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865."

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Paul Jones
IT'S DRY . . . AND WHAT A BUY!

All whiskey. A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

“Out! . . . Confucius was a dirty plagiarist! . . . Walk the plank!” the crowd roared.

The newcomer leaped to Walter’s side. “Is that a welcome?” he protested. “Hell, Walt, but I’m glad to see you home safe! How are you? Where’re your worphans? I heard you on the air tonight; you were only about three and a half stars. Not up to your usual. How’s—”

“Take a breath, Chub,” Eloise advised disapprovingly. “Relax.”

The fuzzy-haired man wheeled. “Oh, hello, Career Woman. You back? Until today’s gossip headlines, I hadn’t seen your name in the paper for a month. Thought you must be slipping. I thought you were en route to Reno—Walter Bassett’s Well Known Wife Objects to Polish Worphans. Leaves for Reno — Again! . . . Honestly, El, some day you ought to buy a one-way ticket!”

ELOISE linked an arm into one of Dr. Paisley’s. “Does any one think Chub is funny?” she called. And without waiting for an answer, she shouted, “Good! I don’t either! Now I want a great big drink, and then a lot of fun and frolic! This is a party—celebrating the return of the prodigal! *Two* prodigals—Walt and me.”

The room boiled into dancing motion. Walter, pulling Dee and Chub out of the way of the wheeling terpsichoreans, introduced them to each other; said to Dee, “Chub Davis is a radio talent scout. So be nice to him and maybe he’ll be useful.”

Whereupon the snub-nosed Chub groaned. “Oh, to meet a woman who could cherish me for myself alone! Couldn’t you find it in your heart to do same?” he demanded of Dee.

Dee laughed, liking him tremendously. “I could try,” she admitted.

“*Gracias*. You have made a man of me! And now—please imply that Walter’s wrong! Surely a sweet, angelic, unspoiled-looking gal like you hasn’t a career. Or have you?”

“Oh, I try to boil one up every now and then, but so far it hasn’t jelled.”

“Good for it. You’re too restful-looking to have a career. You should go in for matrimony and shed your sweet radiance in some little nest to which a tired man would come after a hard day’s work in the studio. Let’s dance—or were you eating?” He waved to the table.

“We were really through, and I should be going—”

“The minute I arrive? Is that kind? Think what a slap like that might do to my ego! Please.”

Laughingly Dee began to dance with him. But in spite of her amusement and ease in his presence, and in spite of being reluctantly excited by this type of party—which she had never before seen—she was upset and ready to make a graceful exit. She did not blame Walter for the fact that she had fallen in love with him; but she was wishing to get away soon so that she might begin to forget him.

Meanwhile Walter, after a decent interval, had cut in on Dr. Paisley and was dancing with Eloise—who was murmuring archly, drunkenly.

And then the nursery door opened and screams were heard. The nurse, obviously waked from a good sound sleep, called Walter.

“Damn!” said Eloise loudly. “What a bore youngsters are! I told you so!”

Walter went into the nursery. He reappeared a few minutes later.

“The poor little mites,” he said, “evidently heard the backfiring of a truck on the dock, or some sound from the salon, and thought it was an air raid.”

Most of the crowd thought that this was funny; but Walter told them that they wouldn’t be so amused if they had lived in a country where one was awakened too many nights by the shrill of air-raid alarms! They should be thankful that they lived on a continent where peace was still—for how long, only God knew!—the blessing of the populace.

“Hear, hear!”

“That’s what he said on the radio tonight, and very flag-waving it was!”

Walter laughed. “Go on back to your dancing. After all, this scene isn’t unlike that in The Eve of Waterloo. How did it go? ‘There was a sound of revelry by night.’ . . . Dee, would you mind terribly coming in and singing to Tanya and Stanni? They asked for you.”

AND so for the second time that evening Dee went into the beautiful nursery cabin and sang to Walter’s two tiny orphans of the storm of war. And Chub Davis followed along behind her and sat in mute and shining-eyed admiration. And Walter sat mutely too, on the edge of little Tanya’s bed; and he held one of the baby’s warm small hands in his. His eyes wandered from the flushed faces of the drowsy infants to Dee’s face, so young and tender in the lamp glow. And he was thinking that this scene was so sweet and so real that he wished it might happen over and over again.

Eloise, popping her head in at the door, broke the magic spell. “Very pretty, I’m sure,” she called, “but—”

“Shh!” Walter warned her.

Eloise shrugged, lowered her voice mockingly. “I just thought you’d like to know that a gang of reporters have joined the party. I think they made it from the water side. Anyway, there’s a couple of rowboats floating off the stern.”

Walter groaned softly. “Chub, go out and be nice to the gentlemen of the press, will you? Tell them I’ll give them an interview in a few minutes. I admire their persistence.” Then, when Walter and Dee were alone, they covered up the twins; and Walter drew Dee out into a glass-enclosed room off the nursery.

He put his hands on her shoulders. “Thank you for everything, little Dee,” he said. “For being such a good sport, such a sweet person, and such a forgiving one.”

“I’ve done nothing,” Dee whispered. She was shivering inwardly now. Perhaps it was cold out here; but more probably she was cold from sheer excitement and a growing forlornness. She tried not to look at Walter, standing so near her in the sheen of the moonlight; yet every minute she found herself wanting to study his face that had become so dear to her. She had so little time, she told herself, to see him. Only a few minutes more—and then never again!

Walter took her hand, held it cupped in his, exactly as he had held baby Tanya’s hand. “You’ve done more than you know, Dee—little Deeda. You see—I remember your name now, and you. Years ago I let you row a dinghy of mine. Remember?”

She laughed softly. “I do. And you made fun of my rowing. I was furious!”

“And you did have freckles, and your hair was quite carroty in the sunlight!”

“And you were very, very bossy!”

“Yes, I probably was. But I was sixteen, and you couldn’t have been more than six. Lord! I’ll ask forgiveness for my behavior then; but I’ll particularly ask it for tonight. You can’t know the whole story; perhaps I owe it to you to tell it, and if I had time, I would try. But for now, just know that you helped me at a moment when I needed it. Fate seemed to put you in my way and—selfishly—I seized on her gift. But I had no idea that the evening would develop this way. I’d give anything to undo it—or maybe I wouldn’t. Anyway, I’ve been thoughtless of you, and I’m sorry, little one, for the embarrassment that it has cost you.”

Now Dee’s inner trembling was almost more than she could control. And tears were too near for comfort. She was not sorry for herself. She could handle her own heartbreak; but she was oh, so sorry for him!

“I’ve enjoyed it all,” she managed. “It’s been wonderful. And—please—I ought to go now. Mr. Davis said he would drive me.”

THEY went out into the salon in time to hear Eloise and a few of her friends loudly holding forth on what to do with unwanted babies. “I’ll see to it that he doesn’t keep them,” Eloise was saying. “We’ll park them wherever you park—”

“Wait a minute,” Walter interrupted. “Unburden your minds. Whose twins are these? Didn’t it take Ambassador Tony Biddle and half an embassy to put through the adoption for me? They’re mine! And I intend to watch them grow up, under my personal supervision, to be good American citizens!”

“Hear, hear! Bravo!”

Chub Davis deserted the newspapermen at the bar and came to Dee’s side. “Dance with me, pretty lady?”

But she shook her head. “I have to go. I hate to drag you away from the party—and I really can go alone—”

“Nonsense. It’ll be a pleasure.”

“You’re awfully kind. If it

weren't that I've got to try out for a church program tomorrow, I wouldn't have to hurry so. . . . I'll go get my things." All the while Dee was speaking she was experiencing the eerie sensation of being trapped by events. And, as in a dream, she suffered the heavy inertia of not being able to move fast enough! She seemed to know that to have avoided something, she should have left sooner! She started across the dance floor.

Again a scream came from the nursery. And again the nurse appeared in the salon doorway. "Now Tanya iss zeeing t'ings!" the woman apologized to Walter. "She zaid it vass Mickey Mouse—a beeg vun. She iss dreaming, but she won't go to zleep."

"Really!" Eloise gasped. "This is too, too ludicrous!"

Walter again left the party. And Dee kept watching the nursery door as she continued on her way toward the guest stateroom. She entered the exquisite cabin. It was as beautiful as before; everything was as neatly in place. Yet there was a disturbing atmosphere in the room—it seemed to Dee to be like a stage on which a curtain was about to rise. Or, worse, it was like a stage with an unseen audience peering at it—and at her—from some hidden spot. Almost apprehensively she glanced toward the dark crack in the bathroom doorway. When she had been in here before, the lights had been on. But she was being silly! Twenty people at least had been in this room since her arrival.

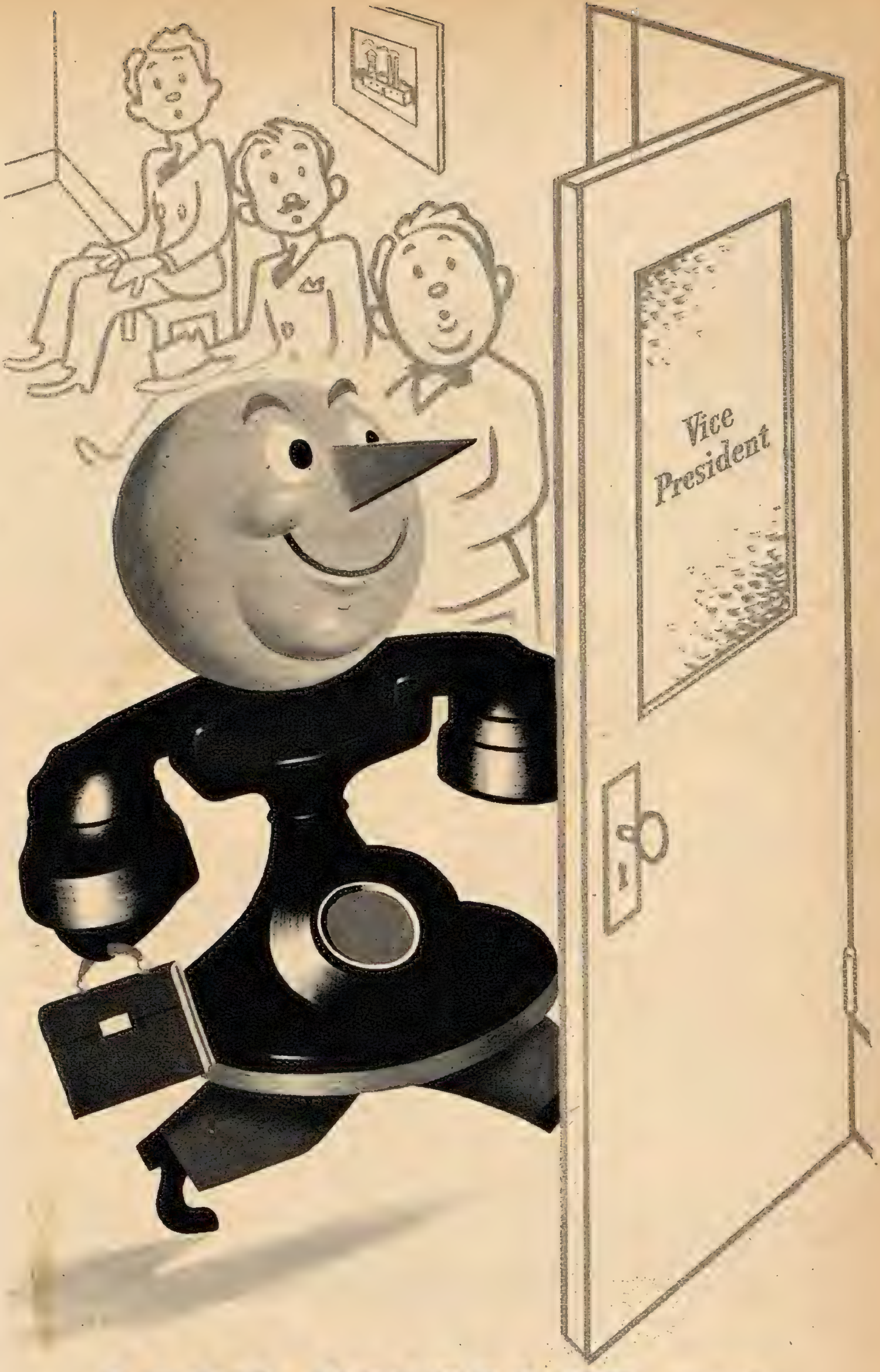
SHE reached for her hat, started to say to her reflection in the mirror, "You shouldn't drink Haig & Haig pinch bottle!"

And then, in that same mirror, she saw something that made her drop her hat—drop it in a fumbling, awkward way, as in movie slow motion!

"No!" she whispered soundlessly, shaking her head. "No!! Now I *am* dreaming a nightmare!"

But the thing that was behind Dee—coming from the bathroom communicating with the twins' cabin—the thing which had probably waked Tanya, moved toward her. And Dee knew she wasn't dreaming. The exquisitely lighted mirror magnified this oncoming apparition. And Dee saw that it was a hump-backed, hirsute, horribly grinning man! A dry scream rose to her throat, died there—or rather she choked it back. For she saw what this apelike creature was holding straight out in front of him! It resembled one of Aunt Flossie's black round indigestible Christmas plum puddings. Only this pudding—unlike those of Aunt Flossie, the teetotaler—had a fuse; and the fuse was lighted!

Face to face with peril, what will Dee do? Who is this mysterious stranger? And why is he trying to blow up Walter's ship? Next week's chapter brings swift action, and a new danger for Dee which she doesn't recognize until it is too late.



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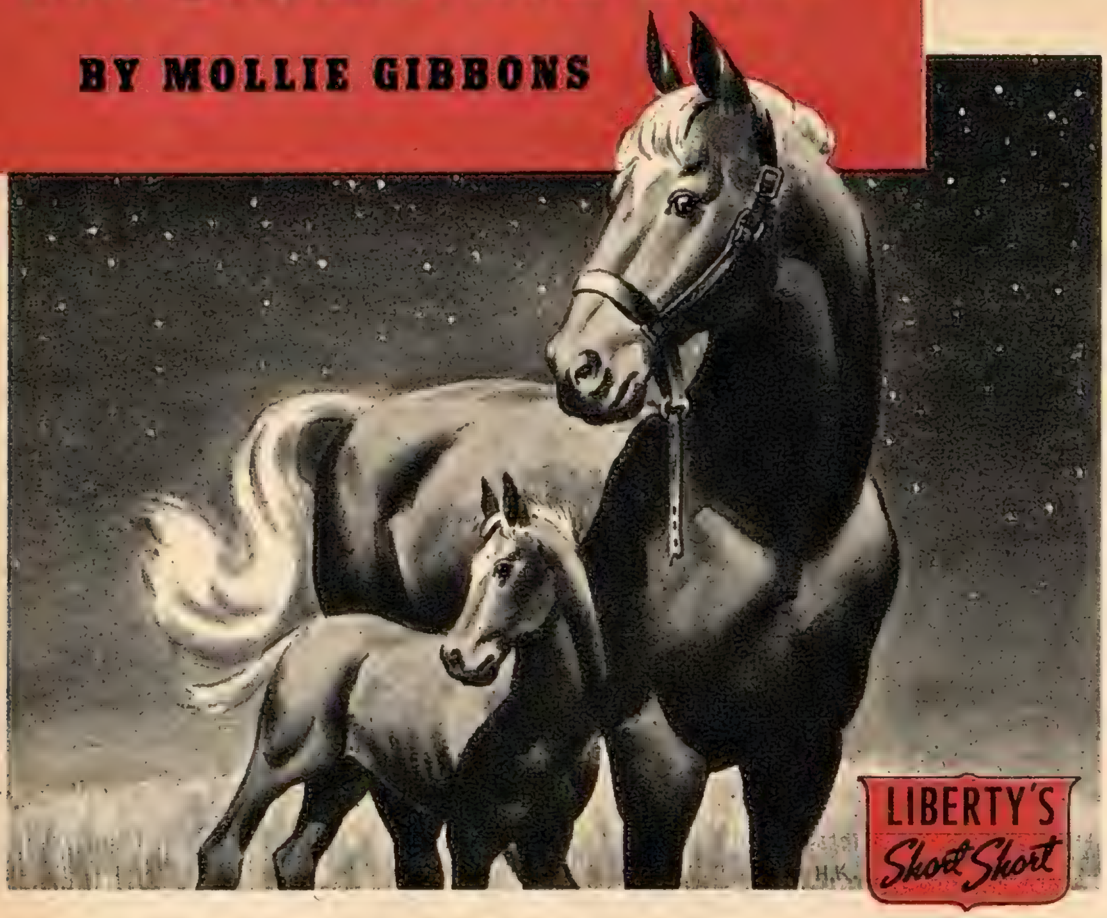
The Sentimental Horse

BY MOLLIE GIBBONS



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

NICKY, the Palomino stallion, scattered the fragrant shavings with an impatient hoof. He was tied in his box stall for the first time in seven mischievous years, and he resented it. A teasing breeze carried him the scent of oats. Nicky rolled his eyes until the whites showed, and his lip twitched as he thought of the sacks of grain standing against the wall just outside. He could open the stall door easily enough, but the rope was something new and required thought. Nicky brooded.

A swish of the long creamy tail convinced several flies that it would be better to settle elsewhere for the moment. The golden horse nickered to himself and threw his weight backward. The halter, which had not expected to have eleven hundred pounds of horse hanging from it, snapped and sent Nicky onto his haunches, where he sat for a second or two looking very silly.

The stud began gravely to inspect the grain supply. It didn't taste as good as usual—perhaps because he had eaten enough the night before to feed three horses. He blew into a sack of rolled oats, scattering a good many of them over the stable floor. A moment later it occurred to him that he could share his freedom, and he released the Shetland pony, being rewarded by a kick from the evil-tempered little beast. Nicky's feelings were more hurt than his hide. He adored the pony, but his affection had never been returned; therefore his owners called him sentimental.

Nicky yawned and walked away from the pony, which was practically dislocating its little neck in an effort to bite him. He'd had many such disappointments. He sighed and began to consider the problem of getting out of the barn. The stud knew, just as well as the man who had built the stable, how the outside door worked; but it is difficult to slide anything open when you have only strong teeth and a flexible lip to aid you. His soft nose picked up a few splinters before he was really free, but it was worth it.

The stupid moon looked down with indifference on the sight of a golden stallion which seemed suddenly to explode. Nicky would have shamed any bucking bronco, and he was having a lot more fun. Presently he stopped, snorted joyfully, and shook himself. His creamy mane, which hung to his knees, rippled in the moonlight. Lifting his small hoofs high, Nicky trotted elegantly toward pasture.

Heavy rains had enabled spring to push up the grass to a good height. It was tender and sweet. Nicky tore great mouthfuls from the earth, stamping in his impatience to eat as much of it as quickly as possible. The Palomino's delicate muzzle and slim legs were soon stained with green.

He had been grazing for several hours before he realized he was lonely. This thought had no sooner occurred to him than it became necessary to find some one right away. He tossed his head as he released a shrill whinny, and an easy liquid canter took him on a tour of inspection. The pasture was apparently deserted. Nicky was thinking about home when the night wind brought him a message. His head snapped up, his nostrils widened, and his gentle brown eyes searched the shadows.

The three-months-old colt watched Nicky's advance with horror. His mother, the old chestnut mare, had been dead a week, so the colt was very hungry and lonely; but experience had taught him that big horses were dangerous. He turned to run, but his legs collapsed, depositing him, a frightened assortment of bones, in the tall weeds. He was too little for a grass diet.

Nicky stood over the little horse, blowing and snorting with delight. He loved colts and for once there was no anxious dam to drive him away. He nudged the baby's ribs playfully, almost causing the little heart to jump through them.

After a long while the colt discovered that Nicky's interest was friendly. He scrambled to his trembling legs. An investigation of the astonished Nicky convinced him that the stallion was no good as a source of nourishment, but it was something to have the big stranger for company. The colt was so happy about it he tried to frisk around Nicky, which was a mistake. His legs got all tangled up like those of a beginning skier.

When the moon had taken herself sullenly to bed, Nicky decided it was time to go home. He jumped the fence at exactly the same place where he had entered the pasture and looked around for his companion. The colt gave a despairing coloratura whinny, just managing to squeeze his little body underneath the bottom rail. Nicky tossed his head twice as if in approval. He started for the barn at a good steady trot. But when he looked back over his shoulder the small horse had fallen again. Nicky went back.

It took the golden stallion quite a while to get the colt any distance at all. He let the baby rest each time he fell, but when he took too long about it a nip on the miniature rump encouraged him to continue the journey. The little horse staggered after the big one, and his fear of being left alone did much to strengthen his absurd legs.

By dawn Nicky was back in his own stall. The stableboy found them there —the colt stretched out asleep in the shavings, while Nicky stood guard looking incredibly smug. The boy rubbed the night from his eyes, but when he took his hands away the colt was still there. He caught up a pail and shot out into the yard in high gear.

Nicky's master leaned on the stall door. His incredulous gaze wandered from the great golden stallion to the tiny golden caricature of him which was endeavoring to drown itself in a pail of warm milk. The stableboy pulled the little head out for air, and the master returned his grin with much better than two and a half per cent interest. They knew something Nicky didn't. The sentimental horse had brought home his son.

THE END

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DECORATION BY MAXIMUS

THE NEW MYSTERY OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

IN Hollywood a little white-haired man with a mischievous grin is busy setting a booby trap for Adolf Hitler.

He started putting it together last September, when Hitler began taking the world apart. Since then Charles Spencer Chaplin has spent $2,000,000 of his own money and sixteen hours a day of his time loading 475,000 feet of movie film with stinging satire and relentless ridicule aimed at Hitler, Mussolini, and their bully boys. He calls it simply "Production No. 6," but Hollywood has appropriately and unofficially dubbed it The Dictators.

Now that Hitler has achieved such terrible and bloody success on the battleground of Europe, it is doubtful that he can any longer be regarded as a laughingstock—whatever other aspect he may assume in the minds of people of the Democracies—and it has been rumored that the picture will be scrapped. This, however, is contradicted by another rumor that, although work has been temporarily suspended, Chaplin will finish his satire. If this is so, and, if the world's little fellow whom Chaplin has subtly championed all these years is not afraid to laugh, Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Mussolini, and crew will face a universal barrage of chuckles, to which dictators have proved themselves notably allergic. If Chaplin's daring political satire is banned throughout a Hitler-intimidated world, his reign as master jester of motion pictures may well be ended and much of his fortune gone.

Well over two years ago, in Carmel, California, where he was loafing at his ease, Charlie Chaplin was first seized by the desire to match his satirical funny bone against Hitler's war of nerves. At the time he was leisurely planning two pictures for Paulette Goddard. For himself, he was content to rest on the laurels and profits of his last picture, Modern Times.

But in the newsreels soldiers with coal-scuttle helmets goose-stepped threateningly into his sensitive consciousness, and over the radio the shrill *défis* of Goebbels, the hysterical bombast of Hitler, and the staccato warlike barks of Mussolini drilled into his peace. He found himself practicing comic Roman salutes and Caesar-like struttings—and his vacation was over. He dropped every other plan and flung himself into preparation for a titanic tilt—the world's master comedian versus the world's premier heavy.

That tilt, in many ways, is what sports writers call "a natural." With no other screen star, perhaps, could it be taken halfway seriously. But Charlie Chaplin for twenty-five years has remained the most popular Hollywood personality throughout the world. In his way he is as much of an international figure as Hitler. Only Charlie, significantly enough, is the universal personification of the humble little guy who always gets the rough end of the stick in life. As "Charlot" in the French-speaking world, as "Carlos" in the Spanish, as unspellable variations in Japan, China, India, and Timbuktu, Charlie Chaplin is an international hero rivaled only by Mickey Mouse. Right now in Soviet Russia his last film, Modern Times, which mirthfully spoofed regimentation and machine production, both Bolshevik sacred cows, is the hit of the day and Charlie Chaplin is number one Red star.

Since the day last fall when he unlocked the studio vault which guards his ancient baggy pants, battered derby hat, rickety cane, and shuffling shoes, dyed his white hair and pasted his tricky mustache beneath his nose, no Nazi inner party council has been more secret than Charlie Chaplin's Hollywood sets.

Chaplin personally swore every actor and extra who worked with him to strict secrecy. He had all new set workers and cameramen secretly investigated for close-mouthed reliability months before he hired them. On the set, extras were frisked daily for concealed cameras. Reporters were barred from the studio.

All this hush-hush has resulted in

Will the master jester's jealously hidden blast at Hitler et al. win world acclaim or end his career?

a sustained Hollywood epidemic of wild guesses and speculations which have soared to absurdity. There have been rumors of threats on Chaplin's life by Bundsters and American Fascists. There have been stories of sabotage on the set. Chaplin himself is supposed to be guarded by a strong-arm squad armed to the teeth. When explosions for picture purposes boomed from the studio one recent morning, hysterical Hollywooders telephoned police that Chaplin was being dynamited by the Nazis.

The facts are that outside of crank notes, Chaplin has received no serious threats. Outside of his cabal of old-time retainers, none of them armed, he has no bodyguards. The only police who protect him are his studio gatemen.

Although Charlie Chaplin likes to shout, “ Sabotage! ” in jest when anything goes wrong on his sets, his secrecy has not been motivated by specters of vandalism or bodily harm. He just doesn't want to set off his dynamite in little innocuous puffs. And dynamite it is.

For never before has such a thorough personal lampooning of Hitler, the Nazi high command, and Mussolini been attempted by any world-wide medium. Chaplin has never openly admitted, of course, that these latter-day living Caesars are his targets. But that they are is beyond question. The locale of his story is in Germany. His extra Storm Troops goose-step most Teutonically, “ Heil ” and salute Nazi fashion (although left-handed, as Chaplin is a southpaw). His sets are obvious and telling burlesques on German landmarks, from a glorious *Palast* to end all *Palastes* to concentration camps, unmistakable Berlin avenues, and absurdly colossal Nazi armament.

But it is in his living cast caricatures that Chaplin leaves no possible doubt about the object of his gibes. In the story of Production No. 6, Chaplin, for the first time in his life, steps out of his eternal character and plays a dual role. One is a bewildered little barber with an uncanny resemblance to Hitler. This little fellow, as always, wears the tattered Chaplinesque rags the world knows. The other is *der Führer* himself, decked out in a martial uniform, tailored in the height of Nazi fashion. The little barber lands in a concentration camp, but is mistaken for *der Führer* and released with apologies. The mistaken identity continues, launching the bewildered barber into a welter of Nazi dictator didos in the stormy seat of the real Führer.

IN casting, christening, and presenting the Chaplin cinema cartoons of Europe's troublemakers Charlie has demonstrated diabolical cleverness. He plays Adenoids Hinkle, a rigid, raving burlesque of Hitler. For Benito Mussolini — first parodied Benzino Gasolini but recently altered to Napolini — Chaplin chose stocky square-faced Jack Oakie, encouraged him to eat all the spaghetti he wanted, and placed the black eagled cap of Fascism's leader over his slapstick brow. Billy Gilbert, comic veteran of many Chaplin pictures, is the fabulous Marshal Goering, revised satirically to Herring. Goebbels becomes Garbage, impersonated by lean sinister-looking Henry Daniell. Lesser lights of the Hitler gang are taken off by old Chaplin faithfuls, Hank Mann, Chester Conklin, Eddie Gribbon, Tiny Sanford, and other pals of the Keystone Kop movie era.

But each of these characters is in reality just a marionette strutting on the strings of Charlie Chaplin's meticulous direction. For the past two years he has been scrutinizing every newsreel showing the dictator fraternity in action. Before turning a camera, Chaplin worked out an elaborate mimicry of every mannerism, physical and facial idiosyncrasy of his victims. He has every radio oration of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, and Mussolini recorded and played over and over. From them Chaplin contrived a wordless jargon to fit each case and taught these to his actors.

Chaplin himself speaks dialogue for the first time in his screen career throughout Production No. 6. He himself has recorded the English versions in a pleasing medium-pitched voice, by now only faintly accented from his London days. Professional Hollywood linguists will dub in the Spanish, French, and other versions.

Production No. 6 was finished in record time for a Chaplin feature. Modern Times took two full years. Charlie's dictator buster has wound up in eight months. This is accounted for by his unprecedented zeal.

Not only have Charlie's hours been longer than any other participant—from eight in the morning to midnight as a rule—but he has personally attended to a myriad details ordinarily delegated to assistants. He directed all of his still pictures. During a California heat wave which reached 120 degrees in the sun, where the company was shooting, Chaplin noticed his extras beginning to wilt. Ordering up a band to play, Charlie danced in the set street with the women and cut comic capers with the men. Extras like Chaplin, who calls them “ ladies and gentlemen ” and treats them with respect. But, as one has testified, “ The little guy wore us out! ”

Seeking a personal reason for his enthusiastic sally against the dictators, Hollywood speculators have revived the legend of Chaplin's Jewish ancestry. Charlie Chaplin has no Jewish blood. Chaplin is an Episcopalian. Others have renewed the alleged leftist leanings of his political faith. In the past Charlie has been variously painted as everything from a radical Communist to a “ polite pink.” In support, it is noteworthy that while Hitler and Mussolini get theirs in his picture, Red Russia's Stalin escapes.

Actually, Charlie Chaplin owns no orthodox political allegiances. He is still a British citizen, although his personal political hero is Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Chaplin's supporters argue that Joseph Stalin is escaping Charlie's barbs because he entered the war picture after Chaplin had completed his script.

However that may be, in common with his idol, Roosevelt, Charlie Chaplin is saturated with compassion for the underdog, which explains better than anything else his zealous haste to take his side now, when underdogs are being kicked around as never before. In the last war Charlie struck lustily at militarism, brass hats, and war lords with his film, Shoulder Arms, in which a much younger Charlie chased the Kaiser and Crown Prince, world villains of that day—and caught them.

It may not be so easy for the aging Charlie to catch 1940's Kaiser. Hitler's own movie has already beat Chaplin to the gun in a number of threatened nations. In quaking European capitals, Nazi emissaries have been significantly showing Baptism of Fire, a too realistic record of Poland's bloody fate after braving Hitler's wrath.

ANY film such as Chaplin's Production No. 6, so packed with two-fisted punches at the pompous personalities who are still Europe's bogeymen, may die a-borning under governmental bans everywhere except in America, France, and England. In that event, Charlie Chaplin's spunky gamble will be lost.

Chaplin himself realizes this well. “ I am putting everything I have into this picture,” he told a close friend recently. “ It may be my monument.”

THE END

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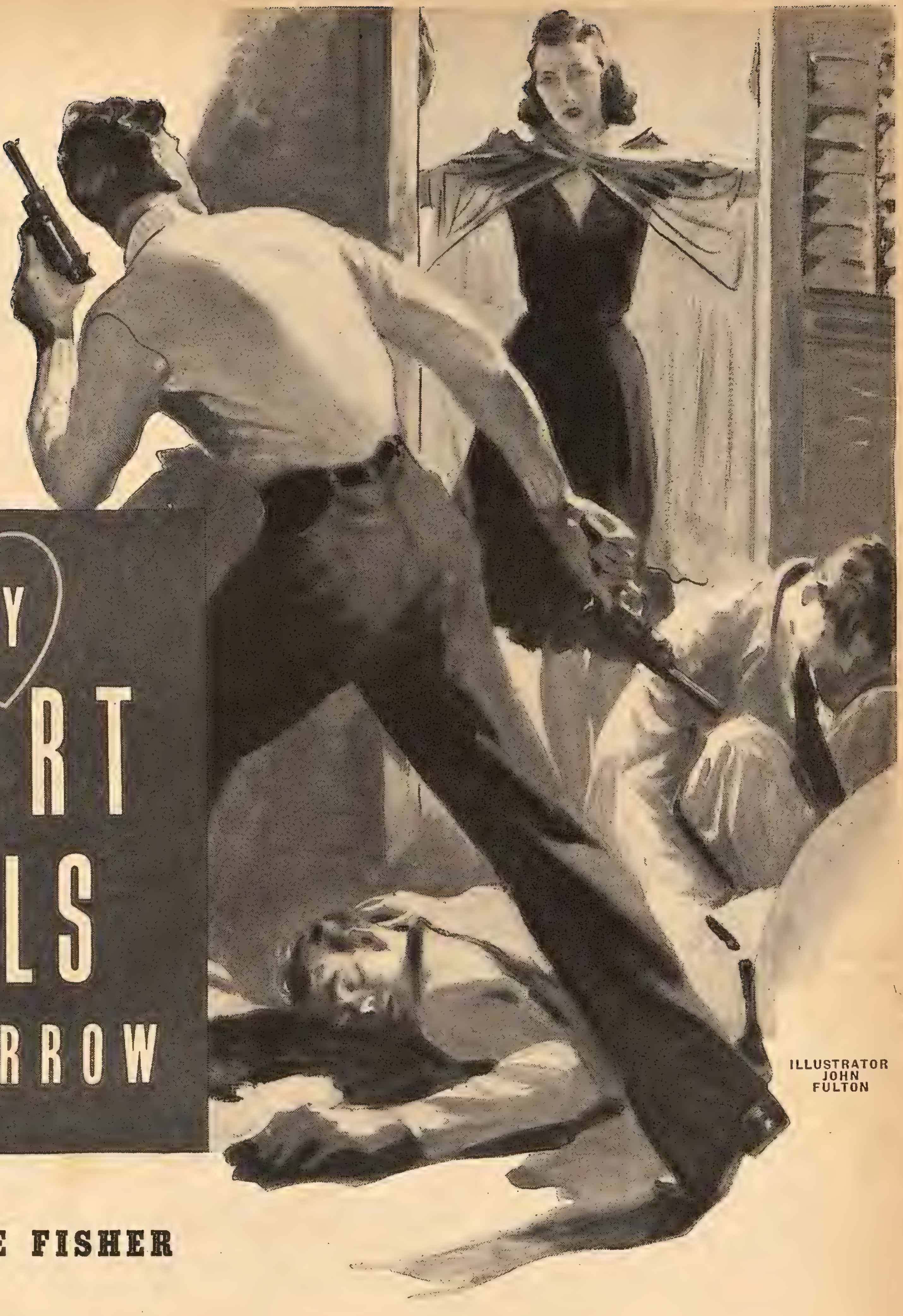


He picked up the two guns. His eyes came up and met Nora's. Her lip quivered.

ILLUSTRATOR
JOHN
FULTON

MY HEART SAILS TOMORROW

BY STEVE FISHER

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE rain fell past the windows, solid sheets of dull nickel, spattering across the sidewalk and into the flooded gutter; but inside the room it was hot. Fans droned and white-clad waiters moved around the small tables. The long crystal bar, with glasses piled against the steamy mirror, was crowded. And all over this came the tempo of the piano, a precise rhythm; the rise and fall of melody, bitter and sweet. The boy who played wore a white turtle-neck sweater and blue jeans. His hair was black and curly and his face was pale. He played passionately, never stopping, and his mood was in tune with the room.

It was the mood of the Europeans and Latins, ships' officers and passengers. The men and women who were here today, and tomorrow embarked upon an unknown sea—off for London, Berlin, or Brazil. The people who passed through Panama, hundreds every day, frightened, confused, and sick, but pretending a hard bright gaiety. *Good-by, good-by,*

Dark eyes in Panama!—An exciting, colorful tale of a sudden romance and a lover in peril

this boy's piano sang. *Good-by, good-by. You reek with misery; you are obsessed and haunted. Laugh, and break the stem of your glass . . . and farewell!*

Yet the boy himself was full of terror, and his crashing music was its echo.

Frank watched him. He stood very still, his navy slicker over his arm, wearing immaculate tropic whites, gold lieutenant bars on the shoulder straps. For a moment he could not take his eyes from him; and then he looked around the room. He pushed his cap back and stuck a cigarette in his mouth, and then, quite suddenly, he saw the girl. He did not know why, but his heart crashed. He knew instinctively that *this* was the girl. She was different from the others. She was an American, she was going nowhere, and yet she was nervous.

Suddenly she looked at him; her eyes passed him, then returned. Frank felt a hot flush in his cheeks. He was conscious that the piano had again started its haunting theme Night and Day, and that he was moving forward.

She dropped her eyes; she was toying with a cocktail. She was an infant, he thought, no more than twenty. Smooth black hair, shoulder length, and dark eyes; skin that was radiantly clear. She wore a little hat on the back of her head, and a tight black dress. He hadn't been prepared for such beauty and it was difficult for him to get his breath. She sat back in a corner, alone. He reached the table. His cheeks were red and he was miserably awkward.

"Nora Rogers?"

Her eyes came up, startled.

"I saw you in a show in New York a few months ago," he hurried on, "and when I recognized you just now—"

"Oh, *of course!*"

"Panama's a lonely spot; and if you see people you know—"

"Sit down," she said.

He sat down; he felt immeasurably better. Yet he was still in another world, dazzled by her. He introduced himself, and when the waiter came he ordered a cocktail.

"You left New York rather suddenly," Frank said.

"Yes—I did. I—I wanted a rest."

He smiled sadly. He was twisting a paper napkin in his hand, shaping a design of it. "You came to the most restless place in the world."

She was looking out at the crowd. "I know. Suffering, dampness, and filth; ships' whistles, people hurrying. Terror hangs over Panama. I've hated it. I—" Her eyes came up and met his, suddenly surprising and disturbing her. She kept looking at him, confused, her hysteria dissolving.

"But I—I'm not quite so afraid now," she said softly.

His hand trembled, and he put down the napkin which he had turned into a little paper ship. "You shouldn't be," he said. "Not with the navy and me at your service." He nodded toward the ship he had made.

She laughed outright, relieved. "Such chivalry! It calls for a drink."

"Or possibly even dinner," he said quickly.

"Dinner?" She thought about it, then she nodded. Her eyes were very bright. "I'd like that. It's perfectly mad, just meeting and— But this *is* Panama, and I shan't be here much longer." She looked at him. "I'm sailing Wednesday."

"Such luck!" He paused. "For New York?"

"Yes," she said. He ordered drinks again. Then she asked: "But what's the navy doing here?"

He smiled. "We have a canal—remember? And a Neutrality Patrol."

She shivered. "Now you give me the jeeps again," she said. She laughed, but she was upset. He saw that. Something bothered her; she seemed lonely, and hungering for warmth.

Presently she was looking out into the room. The boy in the turtle-neck sweater had gotten up from the piano and a Latin was taking his place. The boy started in the direction of Nora's table, then turned instead and left the room. Nora did not once take her eyes from him.

"Know him?"

"Yes," she said. She was shaken. "Yes, I know him." She gathered up her purse. "Shall we go?"

HE knew Cristobal and Colón, and when they were in the cab he took her to a little restaurant that was on the road between these two cities. It was an old place, constructed of brick and plaster, some of it cracking. Inside there was candlelight and tables scrubbed so hard that the grains of the wood showed. There was an undertone of soft string music.

He thought Nora would like this, and he ordered a fine Spanish dinner; but she scarcely spoke now, and when the food came, she only pecked at it. The exquisite beauty of her face, half shadowed in the candlelight, made a pain in his heart.

"I don't suppose you'd tell me?"

"Tell you?" Her eyes came up.

"What the matter is," he said.

"It's nothing—" She looked at her food, then she made a great pretense at being famished. But it was no good. After a few bites she stopped.

"Let's go somewhere else," she said. "Where there's music and—"

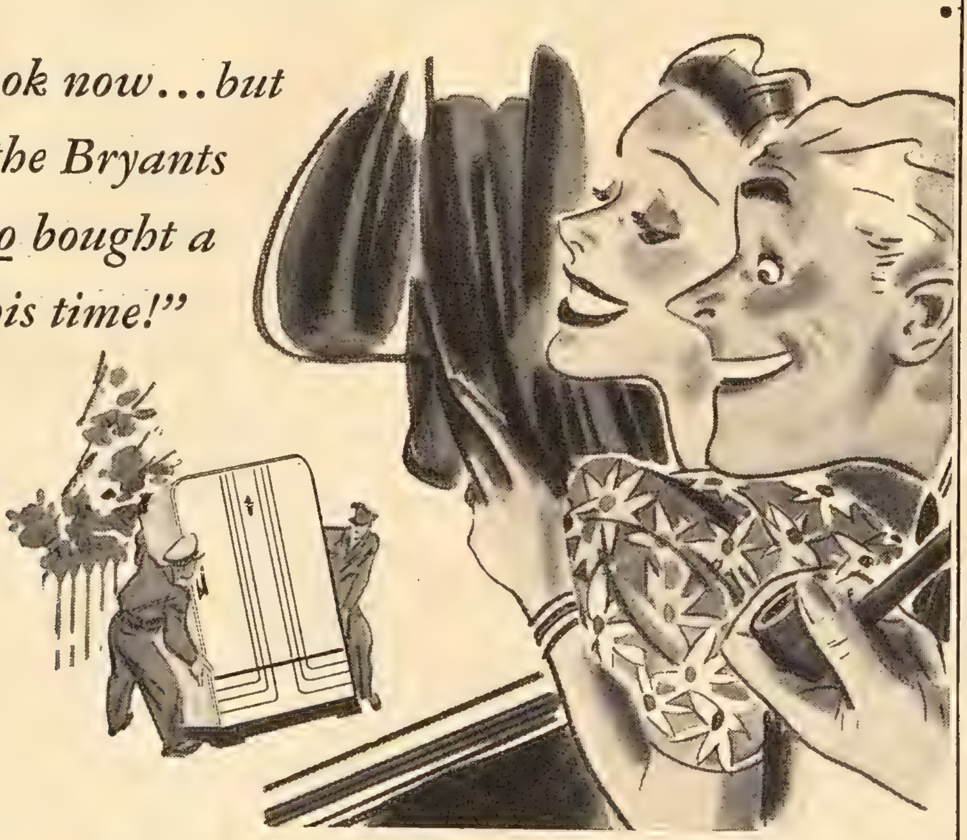
"Sure," he whispered; "sure, Nora."

He saw that her eyes glistened wet, and he was miserable for her.

They went to the hotel. There was a marimba band, colored lights, and people dancing. They ordered another dinner. Roast duck and champagne.

"This is it," she said. "Music and laughter." Her spirits had lifted. "I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't come along." He was silent, and she leaned her head to one side gaily. "What are you thinking of?"

He was conscious of the melody,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Nora sitting across from him, and the magic that was in the very atmosphere. "I haven't any right, but I've been thinking—that all my life I've been walking in the rain. Cold and dark rain, Nora, with no silver in it at all. And then tonight—"

Her eyes came up, pleading with him. "Let's dance," she said nervously. "It might be better—"

But it was worse. He held her in his arms, and she was warm against him. He hated himself. He had no right to her. Yet he breathed the fragrance of her hair, and he saw the drifting rainbow of lights, and when the music stopped he whispered a kiss upon her cheek. It was impulsive. He hadn't meant to do it.

"I'm sorry, Nora. Slap me or walk off, but—"

He saw her eyes glistening. "I wouldn't slap you, darling," she said.

They returned to the table. They poured champagne, but they could not take their eyes from each other. Suddenly she leaned over and kissed him. "Now you slap me," she said. He grinned, and she looked at the window. The rain ran streaked across the pane.

"Sob, sky," she said. "It doesn't matter. Ships sailing with the tide, people being scared, or wars—not tonight. Weep, Panama, port of sorrow, weep."

"You've got a sorrow too," he said.

She looked at him. "And isn't it funny? I *had* to tell somebody—and you came along. Just when—" She paused, nervous and upset again. "I *can* tell you, can't I, darling?"

He nodded.

She was saying: "Remember that boy in the turtle-neck sweater?"

"The piano player?"

"Yes. He's my brother." She smiled. "He was always a swell egg. We were in show business together."

"I think I caught one of your acts in San Diego," he said, "about three years ago. Nora and Tommy Rogers."

"That's it. Tap dancing. I wore a red ballet skirt. Or sometimes he played and I sang. But I got the breaks. A New York night club. Then a part in a musical. It broke my heart because they didn't want Tommy. But we'd talked it over. We'd known sooner or later we'd have to split. So he went back to the West Coast. I never knew how he was making out. He always wrote big success letters. You know how show people are."

"Sure."

"The next I heard from him he was here in Panama. He was afraid to write—for fear somebody'd get his address. He telephoned long distance. He said he was in trouble and he wanted me to wire him money. I questioned him. Finally he admitted that he was hiding from the law. He was a fugitive down here."

"And you grabbed the next plane?"

"Sure. I mean— Look, we were raised together. It's been Tommy and me ever since I can remember. I got a passport and secured visas for every country in Central America. I didn't tell anybody where I was going. I didn't want them to be able to trace Tommy through me. I brought all the money I could get my hands on."

Frank nodded.

"I met Tommy as soon as I arrived," she went on. "He was broke, and he got a job playing at that bar we were in this afternoon."

Frank broke in. "Let's go," he said.

A moment later he guided her past the tables and through the lobby of the hotel.

Outside, he put her into a horse-and-buggy cab, which was the closest at hand. It was enclosed with rain curtains and it was quite dry inside. Nora snuggled close to him.

"This is better. Let's just—drive."

"All right," he said.

The wheels rolled over the wet cobblestone streets.

"About Tommy," she said. "I was able to get him a ticket for Rio. He leaves on a freighter a day after I sail for New York." She looked up. "You see—he's wanted for murder."

For a moment there was silence.

She went on passionately: "But he isn't guilty, Frank! I swear it. He's never lied to me." She paused. "He was down and out in San Diego. He was playing piano in a little bar near the water front. A lot of enlisted men from the Ford Island Air

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"What, no whales?" said Jerry, laughing at my empty creel. "Well, just quit jiggling your rod for a minute and sweeten your temper with a taste of Beeman's. That's real flavor, my lady. Refreshing enough to change any fisherman's luck!"

"Beeman's!" I cried. "Jerry, you angel—you know I can't resist it. Beeman's flavor is so luscious! So smooth and tangy. Refreshing as a breeze at sundown. And look—!" But Jerry was already reeling in my line—with a whale of a catch! I'll say Beeman's brings me luck!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

Base used to come there. Navy pilots. And there were a few civilian bums.

"Tommy used to hear talk. About sabotage and espionage. How the base and all of the navy ships have been suddenly closed off to the public. But he let it go in one ear and out the other. Even when he began to have suspicions about the man who owned the bar, he tried to forget it. He had his job to do, and that was as far as it went."

Frank nodded.

"Then one afternoon when business was slack he says he heard an argument. It was coming from the little room the owner of the bar used for an office. The bartender was back there, another man—a civilian—and the owner. He heard them mention photographs and that was all. Presently the door opened and the bartender came out. His face was like chalk. He fumbled under his jacket and brought out a gun. He handed it to Tommy. He was chattering with fear and he pointed toward the office. He said the owner was having trouble with the man in there and he'd better go in.

TOMMY imagined the bartender was too frightened to handle the business himself, and he went at once into the office. The moment he was inside, the door was pulled shut behind him. He looked around. The owner was sprawled on the floor, blood dripping from his chest. He had been shot through the heart and Tommy knew he was dead. Beside the body there was a cushion. The bullet had been fired through this and the sound had been muffled.

"It was only then that Tommy realized the gun in his hand was still warm. It was the murder weapon! He turned around. The door was closed and he heard the bartender shouting for the police."

"Where was the other man?"

"Gone. The window was open and he had climbed through it and escaped into the alley. But either he or the bartender had committed the murder. Tommy didn't know which had done it, but he knew they were together. He'd seen them talking on several other occasions. Then from the street he heard the bartender loudly telling a policeman that Tommy had just shot the owner. Tommy looked at the gun in his hand. He'd been framed!"

"Picked for a fall guy."

"He realized he didn't have a chance. He started to drop the gun, but thought better of it and put it in his pocket. He left through the window. The cop was still pounding on the door. Tommy ran to the end of the alley. When he reached the street, no one seemed to notice him. He took a cab. With sudden daring he ordered the driver to go to his bank. He had a few dollars saved and he drew it out. He took another cab, and once he was uptown got out and began to walk. He'd walked two blocks when he came to a crowded parking lot. He calmly climbed into a car and drove off. The attendant didn't even see him.

"He knew it would be an hour or so before the car was missed, and he headed for the border. It wasn't long before he was driving through Mexico. They don't ask you for a passport at the California side and he'd had no trouble. He drove all night, and just before dawn abandoned the car. He drove it to the end of a pier, got out and pushed it into the water, so they wouldn't be able to trace him.

"He got to a port in Mexico and bribed a Mexican steward to give him a bunk in the hold of a ship. When they finally landed in Colón he bribed him again to smuggle him ashore."

She was silent then, and the buggy joggled over the road; the rain dripped against the windows.

"You say he's sailing Thursday for Rio?"

"Yes; he wants to be as far away as possible." She turned to him. "You can't understand how all this has been working up inside me. It *had* to come out! I—"

"I know."

"And I *can* trust you, I know I can! If you'd been in civilian clothes it might have been different. But you're a navy man—not a detective!"

"Sure," he said.

Now, because the story was off her chest, she began to sob in sheer relief. He took her in his arms and held her close against him; and he thought of the piano and the boy with the wild eyes and the white face.

"I'd better take you home, Nora."

She looked up, frightened, brushing away tears. "But I'll see you tomorrow? You're not going away?"

"No," he said. He could not look at her. "I'm not going away."

He drove her to the hotel and saw her to her room. It was clear that Tommy lived elsewhere in the city. When they stood at the door, Frank looked down at her. Rain dripped from her green slicker and her black hair shone against it; she was a child, her pretty face wet and her eyes shining.

"For lunch, darling?"

"At one," he said.

AT lunch she was lovely, radiant. The strain was gone and she laughed much.

"The world's going around again, darling. I've thought it over. There's no reason Tommy shouldn't make out in Rio—and be happy."

"A fugitive is never very happy. He's always afraid."

"Don't be so glum, lieutenant!" She scowled, and he couldn't help but smile. She paused. "Frank, do you ever get to New York?"

"Quite often."

She laughed. "All night I worried about that!"

He tried to sound casual. "Where is Tommy living?"

"Oh—in a little room on a side street. He got an old battered piano thrown in with the rent. Why?"

"Nothing. I was just curious. Maybe we could drive past it."

And they did, later. Frank glanced at the number and memorized the address. The sun had come out now and the streets were drying. It was getting hot. Nora sat very still, and suddenly she spoke:

“My ship sails in the morning.”

“That's funny,” he said; “my heart sails tomorrow, too. Let's make a day of it. Like the sailors. A keg of beer and a stock of bananas.”

“And a bag of peanuts and a Spanish shawl,” she said.

When they returned that evening, Nora was up in the driver's seat, the shawl draped about her shoulders, and Frank sat beside her, his white uniform bright against the red of the sinking sun. The carriage driver lay in the back seat, making a meal on the left-over bananas.

When they finally stopped the buggy, the man was asleep. Frank put the money in his pocket, the reins in his hand, and didn't disturb him. He and Nora went into the bar where Tommy worked as relief. It was crowded again. Tommy was playing.

Nora sipped at a cocktail and watched him. “Frank, I—I may never see him again.”

“Don't say that.”

“It's true.” She broke. “You can't pretend, can you? This morning I said—” She paused; she was bitter now. “*Why* should he have to run away?”

Frank didn't answer. He was looking across the room. He saw two large men sitting there. They were watching Tommy. Now Tommy's relief came. Tommy got up and glanced toward Nora. Frank motioned him over. When the boy arrived, Frank got up.

“You two go back to the hotel and have dinner. I—I know you've got a lot to say.” He paused. “I'll see you later, Nora.”

She was brushing away tears. She seemed confused, but she looked at Tommy and nodded.

Frank stood across the street from the hotel. It had begun to rain again, so he wore a slicker. There was a gun in his pocket. He lit a cigarette and glanced at his watch. It was getting late. But now Tommy came out of the hotel. He looked both ways and started down the street. Frank cut across after him.

IT was much later now. Frank had phoned from downstairs and Nora had left her room door open for him. She was packing. He came in quietly, and for a moment he stood there and watched her. He moved halfway into the room. Then Nora turned and saw him.

“Darling!” Then: “Darling, your face is so pale!”

“I've come to say good-by.”

“Good-by?”

“Your ship sails very early; you're due aboard in two hours.”

“I know; but—”

“It's been very elegant,” he said, “hasn't it? We've had a lot of laughs.”

“I—I don't know what you mean.” She was hurt.

He moved toward her. He took her into his arms and kissed her hard on the lips.

“That's what I mean. I mean I love you. No matter what else you ever think. I'll remember you and Panama as long as I live.”

She looked up, tears in her eyes. “You—you have something you want to tell me.”

“Nothing,” he said. “Except—I'm in the Naval Intelligence. I've just arrested your brother.”

She stared at him as though she couldn't believe it. Then she began to back away. He could not stand looking at her face. In all of his life he had never seen such misery. She had trusted him. He tried to talk, but no words came. The room was a cold and empty void. At last he turned and walked out.

NORA was scarcely conscious of what she did. She saw the rain, and she felt the pounding of her heart, and the awful pain that was deep within her. She realized, vaguely, that if Tommy was arrested he'd be sent back to San Diego for trial; and that there was nothing she could do. She wanted only to get out of Panama—to get out of the city as quickly as she could. She piled into her bags what few things were left. In the cab going to Colón, she felt like throwing open the door and leaping out. But she sat very still, think-

Take a tip from men who know
A razor blade that saves them dough—
Those Thin Gillettes lick tough beards fast—
Give attractive, easy shaves that last!
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
Outlasts ordinary blades two to one!
THIN Gillette BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
MENU
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

ing of Tommy; and only once thinking of champagne and roast duck and Frank's first stolen kiss. The tears stung her cheeks. The cab was rolling across the pier now, and the door was opened.

She got out. The ship's gangway was dimly lighted and she moved along it. She flipped open her bag and showed the purser her ticket. Then a sailor was leading her to a cabin. They went down one deck, then the sailor stopped. He opened the door for her, and she went in.

Suddenly she was staring across the room. Tommy stood there!

"Sis!" he cried.

"Tommy! How—"

He hugged her. He was bursting with excitement. Nora was utterly confused. She couldn't get her breath.

"Explain," she said weakly. "How did you escape? How—"

ESCAPE?" He laughed. "The naval officer brought me here. Listen. When I ran away from San Diego, it was because I thought I didn't have a chance. The mistake I made was that I figured it was an ordinary murder. But it wasn't, see? The owner of the bar trafficked in espionage. He had ways of getting photographs of the ships and bases, and plans for new planes. He sold them to foreign agents. This civilian that escaped was one. The bartender was another. But the owner of the bar jacked his prices too high, and the bartender and the civvie finally tried to double-cross him. There was an argument and the owner was killed. The civvie ran away and the bartender came out and planted the gun on me."

"That much I know," Nora told him.

"Sure. The cops might have figured that I *was* guilty. But the Naval Intelligence had been working on the case for months and they would have known better. Even after I ran away and they had an investigation, they were pretty certain I wasn't guilty. Because the bartender and the civvie faded out of town the same night."

"Where are they now?"

"That's it. They're in Panama. They're going to get ships and go back to the country they came from. But the Intelligence figured that to ensure their own future safety when they came back to America these guys would be anxious to find me and bump me off. I had more or less admitted my guilt by running away from San Diego and they wanted it left that way. Working on the theory that I was the bait that would draw them, the Intelligence man came down here to find *me*, then to wait for *them* to show up, as he was sure they would. And he wants me as a key witness."

"But how did they know you were down here?"

"Sis—" Tommy patted her cheek. "I know you only meant to help me. But you're no small fry like me, and the moment you left New York so mysteriously your name was in all the papers. The spies couldn't help noticing it and neither could the Intelligence. First they had to find *you*, which was easy, and then I'd be somewhere around—which I was."

"But I didn't say *where* I was going!"

He grinned. "Airlines have passenger lists."

For a moment Nora was silent. Then: "Have these two—murderers been arrested yet?"

"No."

"But if *you* were the bait—?"

"It's like this," Tommy said. "The Intelligence man spotted them in the bar tonight. But if he'd made a play for them then, they might have gotten away. He knew they'd ask for my address. They'd want to kill me in my room where there'd be no witnesses around. So he told the management my address and told them to give it to the men when they asked. Then he waylaid me outside of the hotel before I could go home. The Intelligence will wait in my room now, and when the two killers come around—"

"The Intelligence," Nora said—and she was suddenly sick. "You mean Frank?"

"Well, I—I don't know whether he's working alone or not."

"*You don't know!*" She turned, fumbled with the door; then she was in the corridor, rushing down deck.

TOMMY'S room was dimly lit. The old piano sat in a corner. Frank sat down in front of it. He wore a white turtle-neck sweater and blue dungaree jeans. There was a gun on the bench beside him, and sweat wet on his face. Outside he heard the sound of the rain. Then he put his hand on the keys. *He* was the bait now. Slowly he began to play. He played Night and Day. The sound echoed hollowly against the thin walls.

He wanted to make sure the two men would come in. They must be utterly convinced that he was Tommy. This was the final touch.

He kept his fingers on the keys. This is where I came in, he thought; and this is where I go out. Night and Day, a piano in Panama, and the laughter of a lovely girl. He played passionately and bitterly, his eyes on the door. The minutes ticked past. His fingers grew stiff. But he kept playing. The sweat trickled down his tan cheeks. Night and Day. He played it over and over. He thought of the words. He thought of Cole Porter. He thought of Nora. His watch kept ticking. The gun lay cold beside him. His hands swept on and on over the keys. Night and Day.

He did not hear the window open from the fire escape behind him, but he felt the gust of wind. He slid out from the piano bench, backed up; the gun was in his hand now. A man crashed into the room. Frank fired before he could lift his gun. The man fell to the floor.

But the other man had come in from the door. Frank whirled toward him. Their guns exploded simultaneously. Frank felt a stabbing white-hot pain through his arm. His gun hand fell limp.

The man who had come in through the door had taken a slug across his hip. It had whirled him around and knocked him down. But he was getting up now. The other man was unconscious. Frank changed gun hands. But he was clumsy. The weapon slipped from his fingers. It fell with a clatter. The man on the floor was on one elbow. He had his gun pointed at Frank's head. He was the man who had been the bartender in San Diego. The other was the civilian who had gone out through the window.

Frank saw the gun, and he did the only thing that he could. He fell against the light switch. The room plunged into darkness. There was an orange flash, an explosion, but the shot missed. Frank stood against the wall, hugging it. The man on the floor was breathing hard, waiting for a sound at which to fire.

A minute passed. It was eternity. Frank's chest ached for air. His hands were dry, and blood seeped from his arm through the thick white sweater; the arm was numb. Quietly now he moved an inch forward. There was a rustling movement. The man on the floor was turning toward the sound. Frank tensed himself.

Just then there was the sharp clatter of footsteps from the stairs in the hall. The door was flung open. A pale light rolled a dirty milk carpet across the room. There was a girl's form silhouetted in the doorway. A green slicker, black hair. Frank saw it in the second that he leaped for the man on the floor.

The gun exploded, and plaster dropped from the ceiling. Frank was grappling with the man now. He got his hands on the hot gun; then he butted his heel against the man's palm. The gun slid noisily away, and now the lights came on. Nora stood at the door, her face white.

FRANK got up slowly. He picked up the two guns. He looked at the men on the floor, one unconscious, the other sitting up, a wound in his hip. Then his eyes came up and met Nora's. Her lip quivered.

"Frank! Oh—darling, why didn't you *tell* me?"

His voice was hoarse; he shrugged his shoulders simply. "A man has his job to do." He sucked in his breath. "I didn't want you around where you'd be getting hurt," he said. "And I didn't want to tell you I'd picked up your brother. I thought you might be scared that it wouldn't work out right."

"Darling—you're *hurt!*"

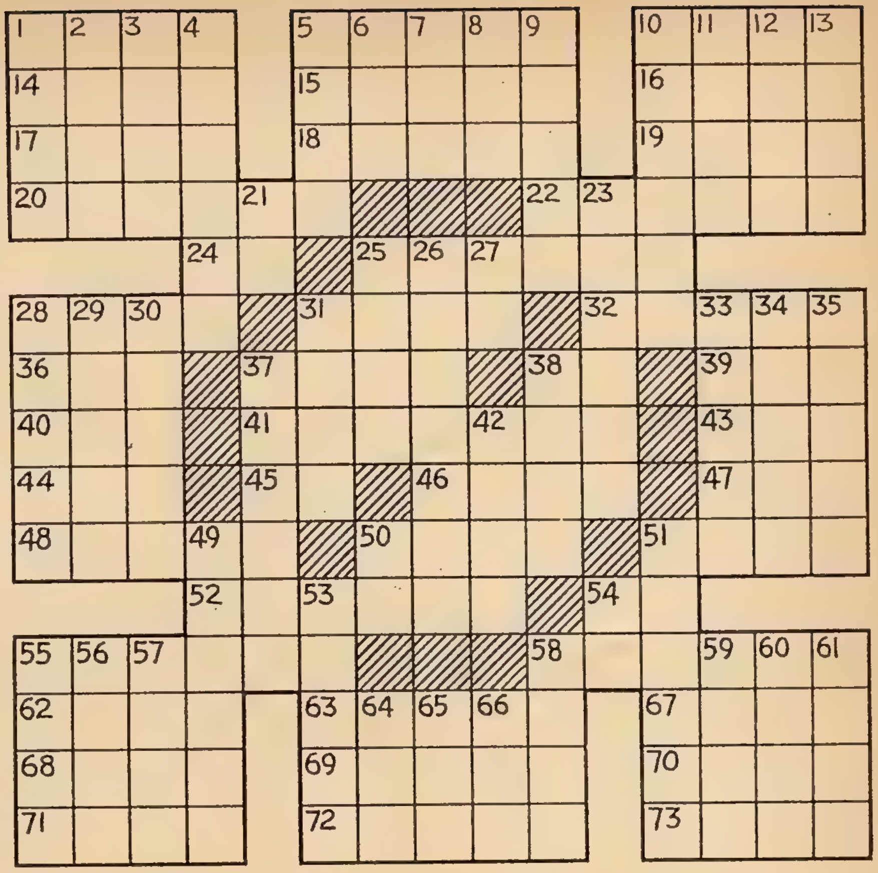
The sleeve of the sweater was crimson. He nodded. "Maybe you'd better get the Panama cops for me. Tell them I've a couple of boys I want them to hold—and, Nora, any ship's doctor can wrap my arm, so if you hurry—we can still make that boat for New York, you and I."

Tears glistened in her eyes. "I'll hurry!" she said.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN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HORIZONTAL

1 Mohammedan title
5 Musical drama
10 Precious stone
14 Dreadful
15 Matched
16 Constructed
17 Caliph
18 Sultan's decree
19 Ireland
20 Holding
22 Deny
24 Perform
25 Hat
28 Woman
31 Prefix: half
32 Apart
36 Receptacle for wine (eccles.)
37 Roman statesman
38 Pronoun
39 Stir thoroughly
40 Frame for wine bottles
41 Salt of acetic acid
43 Hail!
44 Number
45 Note of the scale
46 Frozen confection (pl.)
47 Fish
48 Replace
50 Part of the foot (pl.)
51 Try
52 Fruit (pl.)
54 Exclamation
55 Procession
58 Egg dish
62 Give forth
63 Marked as belonging to a certain time
67 Burrowing animal
68 Part of the neck
69 Animated
70 Language of Scotch Highlanders
71 Farm building
72 One afflicted with a certain disease
73 Appear

VERTICAL

1 Prepare for publication
2 Imitate
3 Persia
4 Restorative
5 Leave out
6 State of equality
7 Greek letter
8 Color
9 Combining form: gland
10 Greek letter (pl.)
11 City in Brazil
12 Mine entrance
13 Unaspirated consonant
21 Negative
23 Expunges
25 Festival
26 Excited feeling
27 Prefix: two
28 Work
29 Compound derived from ammonia
30 Inhabitants of a Scandinavian country
31 Small fish
33 Likeness
34 Prima donnas
35 Put forth effort
37 Transported in a vehicle
38 Indian tribe (pl.)
42 Playing card (pl.)
49 Overjoyed
50 Preposition
51 Short essays
53 Metal decoration
54 Part of to be
55 Writes
56 Female servant in the East
57 Mature
58 River in Germany
59 Wisdom
60 Otherwise
61 Stocked to overflowing
64 Beverage
65 End
66 Woman, generically

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

T	A	N	K		T	R	A	P		B	R	I	D	E
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Last week's answer

OLD DRUM
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT

CAL SAYS: I like my steak tender and my whiskey mellow. Don't cost a fortune either. Old Drum suits my taste and fits my pocketbook. *You can't beat it!* For Taste . . . Quality . . . Price.

YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

OLD DRUM
BLENDED WHISKEY

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY: 90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

THE LIFE THAT IS AMERICA

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ OUR TOWN

THE PLAYERS: William Holden, Martha Scott, Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, Guy Kibbee, Stuart Erwin, Phillip Wood, Doro Merande, Ruth Toby, Douglas Gardiner, Arthur Allen, Spencer Charters, Tim Davis, Dix Davis. Screen play by Thornton Wilder, Frank Craven, and Harry Chandlee. Directed by Sam Wood. Produced by Sol Lesser-United Artists. Running time, 90 minutes.

THORNTON WILDER won a Pulitzer prize with this as a stage play. Then Our Town was a theatric novelty, presented without scenery or props, telling a simple story of a New Hampshire town, Grovers Corners. Frank Craven was—and still is—a sort of cosmic stage manager who stands by and explains the tragedies and the laughter lurking behind the everyday life of the community.

Actually it was a human little story, how Georgie Gibbs and Emily Webb, son of the local doctor and daughter of the town editor, went to school, fell in love, married. Finally Emily died, at the birth of her second child, and there was a starkly effective last scene when the waiting dead received her in the bleak cemetery.

Wilder was symbolizing life in every small hamlet in America, proving that the small town is the backbone of our land, that there is no more intolerance or narrow-mindedness on Main Street than in a big city. It's just out more in the sun—but Wilder would have you believe that there, on quiet village streets, faiths are stronger and folks live closer to truth.

In the film, Frank Craven is still the narrator who switches you back and forth in the lives of Georgie and Emily, even turns the clock back twenty-five years, tells you what is going to happen—and why, chats confidentially about what the folks you see are really thinking.

The screen version has attached a happy ending, which doesn't seriously harm the story. And I found the film Our Town to be warm and glowing and at times deeply moving. Much of this is due to the playing of Martha Scott, who created the role of Emily on the stage. There are other fine performances by Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee. And Sam Wood's direction is admirable.

Imaginative and with a haunting quiet beauty. And different.

VITAL STATISTICS: Sol Lesser paid $45,000 to Thornton Wilder for the screen rights to Our Town. . . . They tested dozens for the role of Emily, then it suddenly occurred to them to try Martha Scott, who had created the part behind the footlights. Miss Scott is Kansas City born, a grad of Michigan. She was prop man in college theatricals. . . . Frank Craven has written, acted, directed for the stage. Debut in 1883, son of theatrical folk. His best known play was The First Year. As narrator in Our Town he walked some eight miles in front of the cameras. . . . The horse that pulls Stu Erwin's milk wagon did a Paul Muni—wore whiskers on the lower lip to indicate age. . . . For the rain sequence they oiled the trees. Made the trunks and leaves glisten authentically. . . . The kitten got $15 a day, had two stand-ins, getting $2.50 each. . . . Phillip Wood, who plays the eccentric organist, appeared while at high school in Berkeley in the first play Thornton Wilder ever wrote. He was a school pal of Wilder. . . . No baby can face a camera until it is ten days old. Them's Hollywood rules. So producer Sol Lesser put in an advance request for a child that would be ten days old on February 14, the day the infant was to be filmed in Miss Scott's arms. Child earned $75 for the day's "work."

★ ★ ★ TORRID ZONE

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, Pat O'Brien, Andy Devine, Helen Vinson, Jerome Cowan, George Tobias, George Reeves, Victor Kilian, Frank Puglia, John Ridgeley, Grady Sutton, Paul Porcasi, Frank Yaconelli, Dick Boteler, Frank Mayo, Jack Mower, Paul Hurst, George Regas, Elvira Sanchez. Screen play by Richard Macauley and Jerry Wald. Directed by William Keighley. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 88 minutes.

IF O. Henry could have visualized the Oomph Girl when he wrote about those little Latin-American countries south of the Rio Grande, he might have conceived this brisk story of the men who gather and ship bananas.

There is one of those Flagg-Quirt duos of bickering hard-boiled feudists down in the banana belt. One is

One town's laughter and tragedy make a warm and glowing film

William Holden and Martha Scott play the young lovers in the haunting film version of Our Town.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Jimmy Cagney, who has decided to go to the States and get into a staid business; the other is Pat O'Brien, chief emissary of the big fruit company in the fever-and-graft-infested port of Puerto Aguilar. Then, of course, there is the usual stranded cabaret cutie, this time done by the redheaded idol of Harvard, Ann Sheridan.

The two tough hombres brawl with gusto, La Sheridan switches from tough to tender as she goes for Cagney in a big way, and an actor hitherto confined to lesser roles, one George Tobias, steals the film as a fat, stoical, and philosophic native revolutionist. You'll remember Tobias after you forget all the rest. Not that the comedy doesn't possess action, tang, and at least several lines that somehow escaped the Will Hays code.

VITAL STATISTICS: George Tobias played the Russian ballet master in Broadway production of You Can't Take It with You. Mischa Auer did it in the film. Brought to Hollywood, Tobias did the low I. Q. pal of the hero in the recent celluloid Saturday's Children. Born thirty-five years ago on the New York East Side, original cognomen Tobatchnikoff. Started on the stage at fifteen, created role of Corporal Lipinsky in What Price Glory. . . . That Cagney mustache is real. Grew it during vacation after The Fighting 69th. Took a fancy to it. Jimmy got a painful wound from a blank cartridge in his right hand during a melee. . . . The banana grove, jungle, and tropical seaport were built on exterior location on the Warner thirty-acre studio annex; covered five acres; 950 banana trees were planted; 35,000 pounds of bananas used as props.

★★ THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

THE PLAYERS: Akim Tamiroff, Gladys George, William Henry, Muriel Angelus, John Hartley, Marilyn Knowlden, Betty McLaughlin, Berton Churchill, Fritz Leiber, Roger Imhof, James Seay, James West, Darryl Hickman, June Hedin, Norma Nelson, Tommy Bupp. Screen play by Lenore Coffee, based on a story by Lajos Biro and Jules Furthman. Directed by Louis King. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 85 minutes.

WHEN Emil Jannings made this as a silent, back in 1927, the hefty yarn of a respectable and trusted bank cashier who goes wrong in wicked New York was looked upon as a rather notable cinematic achievement. Now it is turgid and dated.

Akim Tamiroff does the cashier, this time an upright citizen of a small Hungarian settlement in inland America. In New York, carrying $100,000 worth of securities, he falls in the hands of sharpers, is robbed, left for dead on a railroad track. When he comes to, he has lost all recollection of the past. Some twenty years pass, when the wanderer senses that the great violinist giving a recital that night is his own son. He listens from the upper balcony, and then, at Christmas, goes back to the little town, looks in the windows of his home, watches the holiday happiness within.

All this is in the weighty mood of the old-time screen tragedy. The sum total is pretty corny.

VITAL STATISTICS: Gladys George has been on Broadway recently, starring in Lady in Waiting. . . . This is Tamiroff's thirty-sixth Paramount film. That scene in which Akim walks through the snow was made on a hot day. Tons of crushed ice used. . . . The hobo jungle was rented, completely furnished. Real tramps had been using it. Studio scouts found it, hired the hobos to vacate for a day. . . . Director Louis King once was a film actor. First job was with Mary Miles Minter. Achieved direction via film editing and other odd studio jobs. Is a grad of the University of Virginia.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live.

★★★½—Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone.

★★★—My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong.

A Bicycle Built for Two
CHORUS.
A little faster.
Dai- sy, Dai- sy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half
won't be a
But

New Words For

"A Bicycle Built for Two"

Daisy, Daisy, this is my answer true
I once was crazy all for the love of you
But now the affair is ended
Clarisse is my intended
Her breath is sweet 'cause she doth eat
CRYST-O-MINT Life Savers every day.

CRYST-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Like variety? All rolled up into one delicious package are five of LIFE SAVERS' tastiest flavors—orange, lemon, wild cherry, lime, and pineapple. Ask for FIVE-FLAVOR LIFE SAVERS. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

New hazards in a pulse-quickening novel of two young hearts against the grim terrors of war

Wings of Wrath

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA SALLE

CHARLES LA SALLE

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

AFTER the British steamship Carthage is torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine, Kurt Freel, whose father is drowned and whose brothers were killed in Nazi concentration camps, determines to avenge them. Official papers found in a lost man's overcoat give him his chance to declare himself to be David Cresson, English aircraftman. Kurt, who was born in the United States, of German blood, had been a flyer until he was blinded in one eye.

Having fallen in love with him, Claudia Gage, a member of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, succeeds in getting Kurt stationed at Craymoor, a great air base in Scotland. Her father is a distinguished air commodore.

Two persons are disturbing factors in the situation: The brother of the real David Cresson, who writes "David" and promises to visit Craymoor; and Hilda, the wife of Kurt, who has forsaken him for another man in Berlin.

Sabotage is discovered at work in Craymoor. A hangar fire and enemy attack occur simultaneously. Among others, Kurt undergoes intensive training for combat in the air. He proves himself an extraordinary marksman in flight.

But though he is highly commended for an engagement with the enemy in which the air pilot, Colfax, is killed, the man who masquerades as David Cresson falls under pointed suspicion because of his skill in bringing back to Craymoor the plane in which he flew with the dead Colfax. Claudia's father, now made a vice air marshal, puts him through a cross-examination. His aide, Captain MacCord, expresses strong doubt about Kurt's validity.

All of this worries Claudia, whose father has ordered her to London. Before she leaves Craymoor she seeks out Kurt, and, on a drive in the rain at night, she tells him of her fears. On his part, he feels that his wife, Hilda, is a millstone round their necks. They try to find solace in their wonderful love.

"Kiss me, Kurt," whispers Claudia.

And in an embrace they forget the world for a moment.

PART SIX—A RIDE WITH DEATH

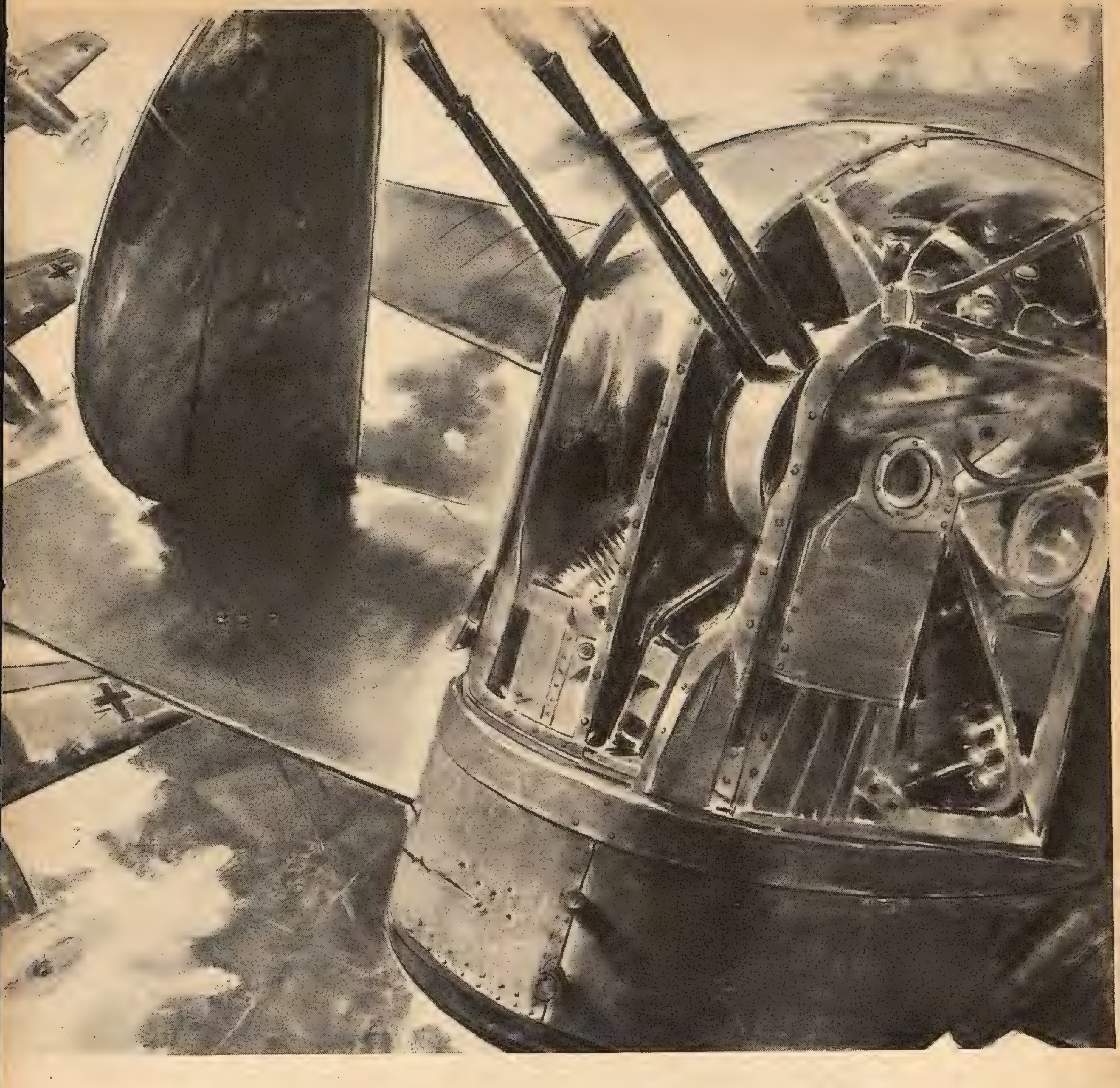
ON the day Claudia left for London, Kurt didn't go to the canteen. He felt emotionally depleted. A great weariness crushed him — a weariness of spirit rather than of body—and in the evening he went to sit on a rock near the shore. In the windy darkness he could think. And he thought of Claudia.

He thought of her father too, wondering if her transfer from Craymoor to London had been engineered by the Vice Air Marshal. But Kurt tossed the notion aside, impatient with himself.

He thought, with a surge of anger, of the day's reports of new German air activity. Nazi bombers had attacked one battleship in Scapa Flow, another in the Firth of Forth; they had bombed merchant vessels and fishing trawlers in the North Sea, and three of their planes had brazenly swooped down on a ship near Liverpool.

Throughout Craymoor, as throughout England, there was talk of reprisals. And that morning Kurt had watched two squadrons of bombers start eastward—only to return later in the day without having met the enemy.

Well, soon he'd be flying with them. Four days more. If the disaster of



Kurt opened fire into the nose of the nearest Messerschmitt. "You got the first one!" Torch cried.

having his identity revealed could be staved off that much longer . . .

When at last he rose and went to the barracks, Henry Balder and Cyril K. P. Ross-Fentland were undressing. And Balder was arguing:

"No, this war ain't likely to be arf as bad as the larst one. Everybody's too blarsted scared o' death to start any real fightin'. Larst war, now, it was different. People 'opped into it like a bunch o' bloody 'Ottentots, nobody guessin' 'ow many lives it would tyke. They didn't 'ave hexperience to go by. Not any hexperience in wars that took *millions* o' lives, anyhow. Today it's different. Today we know wot can 'appen when we tykes to fightin' with all the strength we got. I expect that's why we ain't in any blisterin' 'urry to do it."

Ross-Fentland replied in his patronizing way: "You'll change your mind about this war, Henry, once it actually starts. It hasn't really begun yet, you know. We've just been marking time. I dare say it'll be worse than the last one when Germany decides to strike." He dropped his bunk. "Wait till she strikes by air and by land. I fancy you'll see a war bigger than the last."

"It can't be," growled Balder. He frowned at Kurt as though to invite his support. "Even them Nazis won't want to sacrifice themselves by the million. Gorblimey, that was a war, that larst one!"

Ross-Fentland chided, "If a man's got principles, Henry, he'll fight for them without caring *what* kind of war it is."

"Principles?" Balder scoffed. "We 'ad principles in the larst war, didn't we? Syvin' the world, we was then. An' will you look at wot we syved it for? 'Itler!"

Rolling over, Ross-Fentland chuckled in that tantalizing way of his.

"You're bewildered, Henry," he said. "You no longer know what it's all about. . . . Let's get some sleep."

Balder grunted. Then he glanced at Kurt, who sat undoing his boots.

"Find your post, Cresson?"

Kurt looked up quickly. "No. I didn't ask for it tonight."

"Saw it in our company box, so I brought it along. Under your pillow."

Kurt snatched out the letter with

the eager hope that it might be from Claudia. But it wasn't. It was postmarked Rosyth. His lips tightened. His fingers were unsteady when he ripped it open and read:

Dear Davy:

What on earth are they doing to you up there? Planning to give you a commission? I've had a letter from a Captain MacCord asking all sorts of details, from your family background to your civilian training. If they're considering you for promotion, old chap, the very best of luck! I'd like to be on hand when you get it.

As for myself, I know you'll be happy to learn I'm much improved. Hopping about on crutches now. Quite the lively old dog. I've been informed I may plan to make the trip to Craymoor, by train, next Wednesday or Thursday. In other words, I should be with you about a week after you receive this. If you could get a day's liberty when I arrive, it would be bully. I can't tell you how eagerly I anticipate seeing you again and sitting down, perhaps, over a mug of 'alf and 'alf for a good old-fashioned chat.

Best of luck, Davy, and cheerio!

CHARLES.

Kurt stared at the letter. Again he experienced a queer twinge of compassion, almost of fondness, for Charles Cresson. Then he thought: *A week. I've got one week of grace. . . .*

He folded the paper carefully, thrust it into his pocket. When he lay down in his bunk, his face was pale. He didn't sleep much that night.

IN London, which she had reached late that afternoon, Claudia took a cab from the station straight to her apartment. Marcia had tea ready, and a fire crackling.

"Your aunt's been telephoning, Miss Gage," she said. "She wants you to come to dinner."

"Thank you, Marcia."

"She asked that you call back."

"Very well, I will."

But Claudia didn't immediately call. In the drawing room, pulling off her gloves as she looked around, she found it a relief to be here among familiar things. They suggested peace and tranquillity, and they brought relaxation to her nerves. Her hand touched the back of a chair in a kind of caress. All this was real. Safe. Those other things outside—marching troops, sandbags, the howls of air-raid sirens; places like Craymoor, where men prepared themselves to kill and to be killed, where bombs fell and petrol tanks exploded — those were all part of a nightmare. If only the world could awake!

Her gaze rested on the bench in front of the fireplace. The tea service was beside it, but Claudia didn't touch it. Here, she was thinking, Kurt had first kissed her, so impulsively and yet so naturally. The hearth stood as a shrine to the memory. She would always be aware of his presence in this room.

Marcia brought in hot scones and marmalade. "Will there be anything else, Miss Gage?"

"No, Marcia."

"Shall I pour the tea?"

"Please."

When the girl had left her to sit alone with her cup, Claudia stared into the flames and thought, *In a few days he'll be fighting. I could have kept him out of it. I could have kept him out of everything.*

The paradox of it was that whatever she had done for Kurt had been done because she loved him. She loved him with a kind of anguish. That night in the car, when they had been alone in a world of their own, had revealed how exquisite and yet how agonizing a love it was.

She sat thinking of other nights, too—nights in windy darkness, on the water front at Craymoor, when they had walked together or sat and talked. Sometimes he had told her things about Hilda. She hadn't wanted to talk of Hilda then, yet Hilda could no longer be ignored. Claudia had thought about her a great deal on the way home from Craymoor. And she had decided on what she must, before all else, do about the woman.

When she finished her tea, she went to the writing table. She was pale, and she looked tired. She switched on the desk lamp and wrote haltingly, searching for phrases:

My dear Mr. Helger:

Our friendship in Stockholm was so pleasant that I feel confident you will forgive what may be a presumption. I remember you told me that you intended to continue your monthly trips to Berlin, whether war came or not, and so I suppose you still go there. I'm wondering if you could do something for me next time you go.

I should like, if at all possible, to establish contact with a Mrs. Kurt Freel—Hilda Freel—whose last mailing address was the Hotel Wienerhof. . . .

Claudia labored at the letter for half an hour, wording it with great care. How Kurt might feel about what she was doing, she didn't know. Again, however, it was an act dictated only by her love for him.

She finished just as the telephone rang, feeling much better for having written the letter. Marcia entered to say, "Your aunt, Miss Gage."

The prospect of spending the evening with her aunt became actually cheerful. She went to the phone and said, "Hello, darling. I didn't mean to keep you waiting. But there were things that simply *had* to be done at once . . ."

AT Craymoor, in the morning, Flight Lieutenant Callender announced: "For the remainder of your training period you men will receive instruction and practice in making parachute jumps."

The thirty men outside Hangar 2 glanced at one another uneasily. A few fidgeted. Here was one aspect of training for which some of them had little taste. It was so much easier to face hypothetical German bullets than to step off the wing of a plane a mile above the moors of Scotland.

For Kurt it was fortunate that parachute instruction began this day. It made him forget Lieutenant Cresson's letter. It made him forget the ache of Claudia's absence, too.

Three days of it. Captain MacCord frequently came to observe the group's progress. And whenever he approached, Kurt's nerves twanged. Here was the one officer at Craymoor who personified danger.

Evidently Captain MacCord learned nothing during those three days which necessitated drastic action. For at the expiration of the training period there was a brief ceremony in the presence of Vice Air Marshal Sir Malcolm Copley Gage, and Kurt became Leading Aircraftman David Cresson. . . .

That final day, as though it had been sent as a congratulation, he received a letter from Claudia. It was a carefully written note designed to satisfy even a military censor. Yet it ended with a paragraph which brought Kurt a confusion of hope and despair. She had written:

"I have a vast faith in our future, David. I realize how amazing this may sound to you, and yet I have felt, and feel more than ever despite all circumstances, that our lives will have a way of working themselves out if we wait and hope and live with confidence."

A beautiful thing to write him. Even an inspiring thing. Yet it caused Kurt an ache that lingered in him and deepened and spread. He couldn't share Claudia's faith. Not in some sublime destiny that would include them both. Too many things lay between them. Prison, for one. And beyond that, Hilda.

Sometimes he marveled at his utter lack of emotion for Hilda. He no longer resented even the fact that she had left him. She had become a stranger to whom he could be indifferent; a memory rather than an actuality. But what conceivable happiness could there be for him and Claudia as long as he was married to Hilda?

No. That one souvenir of perfection—those timeless hours when they had sat alone in a car, hemmed in by darkness and rain, completely isolated from the world—this must remain as the climax of their lives. Beyond that Kurt could not let himself dream. . . .

When he reported for duty that afternoon, Flight Lieutenant Callender issued new orders. He read them from a typewritten sheet. And finally:

"Leading Aircraftman David Cresson."

"Here, sir."

"You will report at 5 A. M. tomorrow at Hangar 4 to Group Captain Denis MacCord. Fully equipped for flying against the enemy."

THE squadron of seven Boulton-Paul Defiants, with Kurt seated in the gun turret of the fourth, took off from

Craymoor at five thirty in the morning.

As they climbed to 8,000 feet, he adjusted the harness of his parachute, then experimentally moved the battery of multiple machine guns.

He knew a tremendous sense of responsibility, as if the safety of the plane and of the pilot, Flight Lieutenant Frederick Torch, depended entirely on his vigilance. This was not a flight to Germany. It was a coast patrol, its objective being to guard against the approach of enemy aircraft.

"Testing the earphones, Cresson." Flight Lieutenant Torch's voice sounded terse. "You hear me clearly?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause; then, "I understand you've fought from one of these Defiants before."

"With Pilot Officer Colfax, yes, sir."

They flew on without further talk, the seven Defiants droning along at better than 200 miles an hour, their formation as unvarying as that of wild ducks.

KURT peered downward. On the waters below, only vaguely visible through drifting mist, lay several ships of the fleet. Then he was over land that looked barren and bleak and wild. He discerned tiny thatched houses scattered among the hills, and near them usually flocks of sheep.

"Crofters down there are queer people," said Flight Lieutenant Torch. "Live in past centuries. A pretty desolate-looking place, eh, what?" Without awaiting an answer, he added, "You've been to the Orkneys, haven't you?"

"No, sir."

"No? Odd. Thought you Rosyth chaps had been taken up here on a training ship last year."

Kurt looked forward with a start. What if David Cresson, according to his record, *had* been here? For a moment his heart thumped hard with the presentiment that he had betrayed himself. But the lieutenant continued quite casually:

"We'll go on to the Shetlands, refuel there and eat, then head south again. Keep your eyes eastward, Cresson. If the Boches come at all, that's where you'll see them."

"Yes, sir."

The only other planes they sighted, however, proved to be British bombers returning from a reconnaissance over German waters. So, late in the afternoon, the squadron of Defiants made its landing at Craymoor without incidents to report. Yet, when Kurt stepped out of the plane, it was with tension that constricted every muscle in his body.

For it was a week since Lieutenant Cresson had written his letter. Today might bring the end. . . .

But nobody spoke about a "brother." There was other news at the airport. German troops, planes, and ships had invaded Scandinavia. They were in Denmark. They were attacking Oslo

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in Norway. They were marching north. . . . Vice Air Marshal Sir Malcolm Copley Gage, at the orders of the Air Ministry, was launching an immediate Scandinavian flight to leave Craymoor at dawn.

In Hangar 4, twenty minutes later, Kurt was removing his flying kit when Sergeant Muldoon came to him.

"Oh, Cresson!"

Kurt looked up with a spasm of alarm that made him hold his breath. "Sir?"

"You're to report to Wing Commander Sellaby's squadron tomorrow, 5 A. M. Looks like you're bein' transferred from coast patrol to this 'ere Norway flight."

That went through Kurt like an electric bolt. The flying kit slipped out of his hands to spill itself about his feet. He said impetuously:

"Thank you, sir!"

"Wot in 'ell you thankin' me for? You was better off on patrol. This is wot you get for bein' a blinkin' marksman. They're pickin' them as can shoot."

When he started for the barracks, Kurt felt inordinately stiff. He no longer thought of Lieutenant Cresson. Here it was at last—his flight to war!

Then Henry Balder joined him, and the red-haired man looked worried. He took Kurt's arm.

"Mind walkin' a bit?"

Kurt glanced at him in perplexity. "Anything wrong?"

"It—it's Ross-Fentland." The big man swallowed audibly. "'E's gone an' disappeared."

In his astonishment Kurt halted. "What are you talking about?"

"Nobody's seen 'im all day. Climbed over the fence most likely. They 'ad 'Ector Quayne an' me up before the Vice Air Marshal this afternoon, answerin' questions about Cyril. They—they think the poor blighter's a spy. Maybe the one who blew up the petrol tanks."

KURT stood, astounded. His mind darted back to the night when Helena Clyde had spoken of Ross-Fentland; Helena, who had imagined she'd seen the man in Germany. . . .

"It's all a blarsted mess," groaned Balder. "A bloke don't know wot to think any more. Cyril's runnin' orf mykes a chap think maybe them orficers are right. Just goes to show, Cresson, 'ow you never can tell about a man. Live with 'im, eat with 'im, work with 'im for weeks. Trust 'im like a brother. Never so much as guessin' the bloke ain't wot 'e says 'e is." . . .

If Kurt slept fitfully that night, it was because he so often propped himself up on an elbow to stare through the darkness at Ross-Fentland's empty bunk. *I could do it, too,* he thought. *In this blackout I could get away. There's no need to wait for Lieutenant Cresson and prison.*

He lay down, shaken. Running away was moral suicide. You had to do the thing that was honest with yourself if the rest of your life was to be worth living. And the honest thing, he knew, was to carry on.

ON that particular evening Claudia returned to her Mayfair apartment just before midnight—tired yet excited. Something wholly unanticipated had happened to her. It made her forget the weariness of a long day's work. When she had tossed aside hat and coat, she looked at her wrist watch. Too late to call her father. But she went to the telephone and sent a telegram.

"To Vice Air Marshal Sir Malcolm Copley Gage, Craymoor, Scotland," she dictated. "Being sent to address women's meeting at Stonehaven tomorrow afternoon. Have been granted day's leave to follow speech. Please have car meet me at Stonehaven. Can spend day with you. Signed 'Claudia.'"

When she put down the phone, she went to stand near the embers in the fireplace. She warmed her hands over them, and a faint smile touched her lips. Stonehaven. Less than fifty miles from Craymoor. It meant a chance to see Kurt again.

This trip to Scotland was a reward as much as an assignment. Tonight she had addressed a meeting of two hundred women, appealing to them to volunteer for war service. Not only in the W. A. A. F. but in all branches of women's work. And when she finished, scores of young women had enthusiastically risen to come forward.

She had been effective. No doubt about that. So the organization committee was sending her to repeat the speech in Stonehaven.

She sat down on the bench, thrust back her hair, and smiled wistfully into the embers. *Tomorrow, Kurt,* she thought. Tomorrow evening he would crush her in his arms, and she would kiss him again, and the war would drop away from about them. . . .

Whenever she dreamed about herself and Kurt—which was at almost every moment she stopped to rest—it was to project life into the future. As long as the war went on there was no permanent happiness she or any one else could seek. But afterward—

Claudia's brows arched. Afterward anything might happen. There was always the chance, for example, that Hilda was unaware of her husband's supposed death on the Carthage. She might be divorcing him even now, so that she could be free to marry in Germany. And if she didn't divorce him, there might be a time when Kurt could divorce her. These were possibilities, and on them Claudia built an exquisite future.

From her friend Helger, in Stockholm, she had already received a reply to her recent letter. He had written: "I shall be only too happy to look up your friend Mrs. Freel in Berlin, and I shall write you about her as soon as I return to Stockholm."

There was a remote possibility—so remote that Claudia dared not consider it too seriously even now in her most optimistic moments—that Helger would discover the former Mrs. Freel was now Frau Bernhaus, divorced and remarried. . . .

The idea wrenched a futile laugh from Claudia. She rose, swept back her hair. Daydreams. Sheer will-o'-the-wisp fantasy. No; for the present she must content herself with what life offered from day to day. Tomorrow she would be at Craymoor. Tomorrow she would be in Kurt's arms again. It was enough. Beyond that there was no use in dreaming.

She could not know, of course, that he was part of the personnel assigned to the Norway flight.

THEY left Craymoor at dawn. Four squadrons of giant bombers. All of them twin-motored, loaded with explosives, roaring eastward at almost four miles a minute. The most destructive of all the thirty-seven types of aircraft in the Royal Air Force: ten Bristol Blenheims, eight Vickers Wellingtons, five Handley-Page Hampdens, five Armstrong-Whitworth Whitleys. The slowest of them could make 245 miles an hour. The fastest could achieve 300. A streamlined armada that plunged through gray skies at speed which put Norway less than a hundred minutes from the English coast.

Kurt sat in the glass-enclosed gun turret of a Bristol Blenheim. His chest pounded and his head seemed to echo the roar of the engines. He had the tight strained feeling of racing toward the ultimate purpose of his life.

He had, he discovered, been transferred from patrol duty together with Flight Lieutenant Torch, and Torch sat at the Blenheim's controls. The third man of the crew, the bomb aimer, was Flying Officer Adrian Lindlaw, a lean, sharp-featured boy who couldn't have been more than twenty-two. When he had entered the plane there had been strange fires in his eyes and a hectic flush on his cheeks. He'd said to Kurt:

"You keep the blighters above off our wings, and I'll drop hell on the blighters below!"

And now they were on the way. Their orders were to proceed first to Helgoland, then to fly north, bombing any German ships encountered on the way. With hands abnormally stiff, Kurt adjusted the harness of his parachute.

The plane's three-way telephone system enabled him to hear every exchange of words between the two officers.

"We won't get away without a fight this time," Torch grimly predicted. "They'll jolly well be out to meet us in full force, I'll wager, by the time we sight the Frisians."

"Well, there are twenty-eight of us," replied Lindlaw. "It'll take a bit of shooting to hold us back."

"I dare say. . . . Oh, Cresson!"

"Sir?"

"If you've got to test those guns, do it now. They're testing in the planes ahead."

"I will, sir."

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He aimed the battery of multiple guns at the sea and fired a burst of shells. The tremor of the discharge shook his arm, rattled through his body. When he finished, Torch said:

"They'll try to dive down on you from above, remember. That's the chap to watch—always the one above."

"Yes, sir."

They climbed to an altitude of more than 18,000 feet. With the aid of the Wimperis bombsight, it was possible to launch accurate attacks from heights up to 25,000 feet.

Despite the somberness of the day, visibility was good. In less than an hour and a half they could discern the bluish blur, far ahead, which was the German coast. Southward the Frisian Islands lay in a long line—"Sausages strung together," Flight Lieutenant Torch dryly called them.

"From now on," he said, "we can expect anything."

The armada veered slightly to the south, traveling toward Wilhelmshaven. Like the observer in every other plane, Kurt kept his glasses fixed alternately on the sea for a glimpse of German cruisers, and on the sky out of which the Nazi defense must soon materialize.

When they roared over Wangeroog, the farthest east of the Frisians, the anticipated antiaircraft barrage rose to challenge them.

Kurt could see puffs of smoke below, like bits of thistledown floating on the wind—not far under the wings, some scarcely 500 feet down. There were scores of them, as fascinating to watch as fireworks, and Wing Commander Sellaby, in the leading plane, signaled for greater altitude. They climbed at once to 23,000 feet, leaving the puffs of smoke far below.

Of German cruisers there was no sign. The bombers turned eastward again, following the coast line. Ground guns, it was evident, were barking at them steadily. Sometimes a burst of smoke blossomed startlingly near.

Then, with a sudden catch of breath, Kurt reported, "There they come, sir!"

Something in him seemed to leap. His glasses were fixed on dark specks in the skies directly ahead. He tried to count them, but that was difficult. Surely more than twenty—perhaps thirty. And for all he could tell, more squadrons, still invisible, were following.

After a few seconds Kurt put the glasses aside. He felt strangely stiff and a heavy pulsation beat in his temples. With the two armadas speeding toward each other at better than 200 miles an hour, it wouldn't be long before the battle began. He took a firm grip on the guns.

"Remember, Cresson. The man *above!*"

"Yes, sir."

"Lindlaw, if Cresson's hurt, you'll take over at the guns. Stand ready."

"Ready, sir."

"Here we go!"

THE Germans were upon them so swiftly there was no time even to feel frightened. They came with small fast deadly Messerschmitts, swarming out of the skies like a plague of locusts. One of them passed almost directly overhead, and Kurt saluted it with a blast of bullets that hammered the plane's underside.

It raced on, but it left its own brief tattoo on the Blenheim's left wing and tail.

"Well done, Cresson," snapped Torch. "You hurt?"

"No, sir!"

If the flight lieutenant put the question only to his observer, it was because he knew the gun turret would, as usual, be the focal point of the German attack. These Messerschmitts, built for speed, could admittedly outfly the bombers, menacing them again and again from all directions. In a wing-to-wing combat of give and take they could not hope to win. Their victory must depend on strategy, speed, and molestation beyond British endurance. And they were now assailing every one of the giant bombers.

Two Messerschmitts dived simultaneously at Kurt's plane. He waited for them, rigid, his heart thundering. The world was suddenly a tiny region of gray sky occupied by those two German planes and the single British Blenheim. . . .

They plunged down at the bomber from 27,000 feet. As they came, one behind the other, Kurt opened fire, sent a torrent of bullets into the nose of the nearest one. How anything could withstand that stream, he didn't know. He aimed straight through the blur of the propeller at the glass that encased a German head.

With a curious side sweep, the plane changed its course. Its nose rose slightly, wavered, then dipped again, and Kurt saw in amazement that there was no longer a propeller blur. . . .

He couldn't give it much attention. The second Messerschmitt screamed past less than fifty yards above.

"You got the first one!" Torch cried. "There he goes!"

ONCE more awaiting attack, Kurt ventured a brief downward glance. The Messerschmitt, he saw, was falling in an uncontrolled spiral dive. Down toward the sea, four and a half miles below. Like a dead bird. Her propeller shattered, her pilot killed. . . . He sucked in a quivering breath.

"*Watch it, Cresson!*"

Torch's shout electrified him. He looked up and gasped. The Messerschmitt dived straight at him. He squeezed the trigger, held it down, and his whole body throbbed with the racking vibration of four machine guns. There was sudden savagery in his face. His eyes blazed and his lips were distorted.

He hardly heard the rain of bullets on the bomber. It shattered the glass over his head. He felt stabs in his shoulder, stabs in his arm. Like the thrusts of a white-hot knife. Only they had tremendous power of impact. They knocked him sideward in his seat.

A weird dizziness made him shut his eyes, and he floundered, imprisoned in the seat by straps.

The Messerschmitt, 200 yards away, was already banking to come back with another deluge of bullets.

"Lindlaw!"

In the earphones Kurt heard Flight Lieutenant Torch's strained voice. It must have been a shout, but it sounded distant and faint and unreal. Lindlaw answered, and Torch rapped out:

"Get to the guns! Cresson's done for!"

Kurt hung over the side of his seat, head lolling. He struggled to sit up, but it was futile. His very bones sagged. Yet, queerly, he could still think; he could still have sensations. He knew blood was oozing down his right arm, for it felt warm and sticky and moist. And he knew he was through. But he found a kind of vicious satisfaction in the thought that he had downed an enemy before he himself had been shot. If only he could push himself upright and resume control of the guns . . .

Then young Lindlaw reached him. Eyes flaring through the goggles, the

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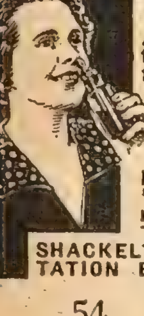
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officer worked furiously. He unstrapped Kurt, lowered him to the floor. Then he sprang into the gunner's seat to seize the weapons.

But he never touched them. His hand was still inches from the trigger when the Messerschmitt, shrieking overhead, filled the gun turret with bullets. They must have crushed Lindlaw's skull instantly. They must have killed him before he fell. He slumped down in the gun turret to lie in a limp huddle. Kurt gaped at him with numbness in his brain that momentarily chilled all feelings, even horror.

And now Flight Lieutenant Torch's voice sounded desperate: "Lindlaw! *Lindlaw!*"

"He—he's dead—" Kurt, still in a stupor, heard the sound of his own voice—a croak.

Torch looked back. Nobody at all in the gun turret. Pallid, the officer shot a swift look up at the Messerschmitt, again turning for its task of annihilation.

Torch drove out an oath. Without a gunner he'd be helpless. He himself had to remain at the controls. The only thing to do was fall back; get under the protection of another British bomber; fly below it, so that he could not be attacked from above. . . .

He saw the Messerschmitt diving—coming at incalculable speed. In an effort to escape its bullets, Flight Lieutenant Torch banked to the right. And the unexpected move brought disaster.

For the German, too, suddenly swerved. Perhaps he attempted to rush past the nose of the bomber to pour his fire into the pilot's cockpit. Whatever his reason, he banked at the same instant as did Torch.

The crash was a splintering, tearing nightmare.

KURT, sprawling on the floor near the gun turret, saw the Messerschmitt's nose plunge into the bomber's forward cockpit. It smashed most of it away. He saw it grind Flight Lieutenant Torch's body into a bulkhead, break through the metal, and leave only a vast jagged hole. It was fantastic. Something that paralyzed your breath and your heart and your brain. Something you could not believe.

Then the planes fell away from each other. They dropped. The Messerschmitt went down like the lump of shapeless metal she had become, flame and smoke marking her course. The Blenheim, her front torn away, but still in possession of two broken wings, began to flop around and around, falling with ever-increasing speed to the sea 25,000 feet below.

As Kurt, wounded, falls through space into the sea, what are his thoughts? Is he done for, or will a miracle save him—and for what purpose? This is the most terrible moment of his life, and you who share it with him will wait with bated breath for the next issue of Liberty.

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"IT'S A CLEAN, PLEASANT INVITING PLACE"
"THEY OBEY THE LAW..."
"AND THEY SERVE GOOD BEER AND ALE!"

"...THAT'S WHERE WE'LL GO!"

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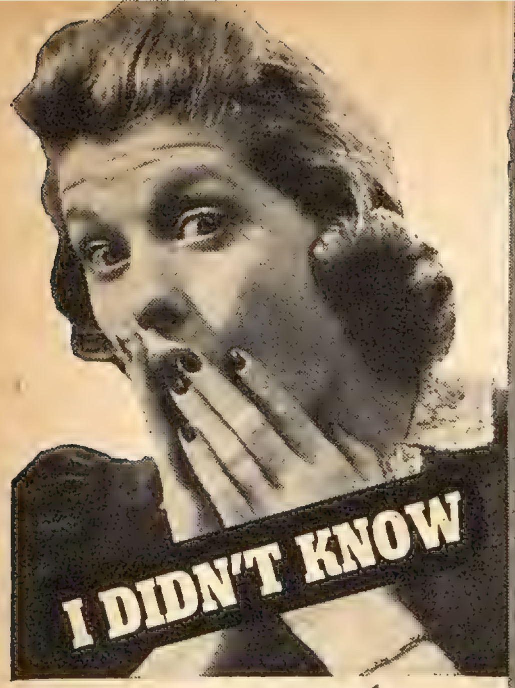

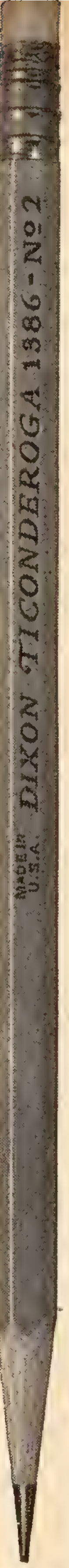

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MENTHOLATUM

40 ANSWERS

By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen

to their questions on page 30

1—Theodore Roosevelt.

2—John Nance Garner.

3—Yes. In his Victory Dinner speech, March 4, 1937, Roosevelt described a conversation he had had with a friend whom he identified as "John," to whom he said: "I am by no means satisfied with having twice been elected President of the United States by very large majorities. . . . My ambition relates to January, 1941. . . . My great ambition on January, 1941, is to turn over this desk and this chair in the White House to my successor, whosoever he may be, with the assurance that I am turning over to him . . . a nation intact, a nation at peace, a nation prosperous, a nation clear in its knowledge of what powers it has to serve its own citizens. . . ."

4—Frank E. Gannett.

5—None.

6—By playing poker and careful investment of the winnings in Texas real estate and Uvalde bank stocks.

7—Garner employs his wife, Vandenberg his son, and Wheeler his sister.

8—Thomas E. Dewey, who is distantly related to Admiral Dewey of Spanish-American War fame.

9—Senator Taft.

10—Cordell Hull.

11—Farley predicted in 1936 that Roosevelt would carry every state except Maine and Vermont.

12—Paul V. McNutt.

13—Justice Owen J. Roberts, Republican.

14—Senator Burton K. Wheeler was on his way to the railroad station in Butte, Montana, when he dropped in at a card game, lost his money, and remained in Butte.

15—Senator Styles Bridges, Republican, of New Hampshire.

16—Robert H. Jackson of Jamestown, New York, now Attorney General of the United States.

17—Martha Taft.

18—Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts.

19—Bruce Barton.

20—Taft sued the government to test the validity of the gold clause and carried the case to the Supreme Court, where he lost.

21—Jim Farley, one-time first baseman at Stony Point, New York. He uses this phrase to indicate his support of a political friend.

22—Franklin Roosevelt, whom Lewis excoriated at the Columbus Convention of the United Mine Workers; and Paul McNutt, who as Governor of Indiana called out the troops in a coal-mine strike.

23—Dewey's nickname "Buster" was given him as a result of his racket-busting activities.

24—Senator Vandenberg of Michigan.

25—Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court, formerly chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

26—Senator Taft. His father was Secretary of War under Theodore Roosevelt, and his grandfather held the same position in the Grant Cabinet.

27—Cordell Hull, born in Overton (now Pickett) County, Tennessee.

28—Dewey.

29—Senator Bridges.

30—Farley uses green ink.

31—Mayor LaGuardia, former congressman from New York City.

32—McNary of Oregon, Republican Floor Leader of the Senate.

33—Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York City.

34—Wendell Willkie, who sold the Tennessee Power and Light Company for $78,600,000, and the Mississippi Power Company for $2,000,000.

35—John N. Garner.

36—Senator Wheeler—three sons and three daughters.

37—Senator Taft, decorated by Belgium, Poland, and Finland, for his work in the Hoover relief administration.

38—Governor Stark of Missouri, who worked out the system of stoking furnaces every four minutes instead of every four hours.

39—Frank Gannett, on the ground that the New Deal has not solved any of the major problems of the country.

40—Governor Arthur H. James, Republican, of Pennsylvania.

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WHAT KIND OF PRESIDENT WOULD BRIDGES MAKE?

A lively look at a dark horse from New England.

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

He was governor at 36, he was senator at 38 — and now he's 41 and his hat's in the Presidential ring.

WHEN the United States Senate convened for the first time after the Roosevelt landslide of 1936, the Republican solons, sixteen of them, sat in silence and apathy with the memory of their party's dead.

At length, counting noses, they discovered they were not sixteen but seventeen. Then they remembered. A queer thing had happened in New Hampshire. The state had gone Democratic, of course, but it had landed a Republican in the Senate chamber.

The sixteen couldn't understand this seventeenth. Not at first. He was a political accident. He was a country boy in their big-city-slicker assembly, a poor man in what was usually regarded as a millionaires' club, a youth in an old men's home.

He was Senator Styles Bridges, the barefoot boy who had grown up to be the youngest governor in the United States, and who had now won the only victory — outside of Vermont and Maine—to console the party in the bitterest defeat it had ever known.

Well, maybe it wasn't so bad as it seemed. Bridges was a twelfth-generation Maine Yankee, but he didn't drawl his words and there was no twang in his voice. Sometimes he talked too fast, but he had ideas about everything. He was genial, politically sophisticated, experienced as an executive. Yet there was something odd about him. He didn't seem to know his party was dead and buried!

He should have known, for—as most of the sixteen distinctly remembered—he had been at the convention that had picked Landon for President.

In fact, he himself had almost been nominated for Vice-President. Landon and Bridges, it would have been. But somebody had started singing "Landon-Bridges falling down, falling down." So Bridges had given way to Colonel Knox.

Well, in the Senate the G. O. P. old-guard survivors found that they liked Bridges, and they put him on a number of good committees. Maybe they thought he would be content with this work, or it would keep him too busy to get up and make speeches. New senators are to be seen, not heard.

But Bridges talked everywhere; and he preached a strange doctrine—to wit, that the G. O. P. hadn't been crushed to death; it had merely lost its wind. Incredulous multitudes listened to him and believed. And lo, a miracle was wrought. The party was alive again, and Bridges was the life of the party.

Today he's campaigning for the Presidential nomination, and there are thousands who concede he has a chance. He works quietly, gathering a few delegates here and there. He may not have a majority at the convention, but he'll have a respectable number of pledges. He may not be nominated, but he certainly will have something to say about the nomination. He is only forty-one, so if he doesn't get it this year he can afford to wait until 1944 or 1948, or longer.

He was born in Maine, ten miles from Eastport, the down-Eastest point in the United States. His father died when Styles was nine years old, the eldest of three children. Since that day Styles has been the man of the family.

The widowed mother ran the farm, took care of the home, and taught school for six dollars a week. Styles brought home a little money now and then, doing a man's work whenever he had the chance.

It was in these years he acquired

the habit of working all the time. After getting through high school, he went to the University of Maine, paying his way by working in the dairy barns. He had to get up at four thirty every morning. His pay was fifteen cents an hour. In his last year he was raised to twenty cents.

When he left school it was to teach agriculture at Sanderson Academy, in Ashfield, Massachusetts. Later he was made agricultural agent for Hancock County in his home state, in the service of the federal Department of Agriculture. He went to New Hampshire as a teacher on the Agricultural Extension staff of the state university and state specialist on crops and soils; and he has been a citizen of that state ever since.

"He used to go around trying to sell the farmers new ideas about soil conservation and crop rotation and things like that," says a friend of his. "Everybody liked his friendliness, his enthusiasm, his desire to help. So when he went into politics, they voted for him."

He was the first executive secretary of the State Farm Bureau. He helped to organize a mutual automobile liability insurance company for the benefit of the farmers, acted as its secretary and treasurer, and then became director and secretary of the New Hampshire Investment Company and editor of the Granite Monthly.

When the governor appointed him Public Service commissioner, the executive council persistently refused to confirm the appointment. He was only thirty, and besides, the councilors thought, he was too radical.

"They always spoke of me as a radical or a liberal in my own state," Bridges says. "In Washington they call me a conservative."

When the state treasurer died, the council offered to confirm Bridges as treasurer. But he didn't want to be treasurer. He wanted to be Public Service commissioner. So at last they made him commissioner, and he served the state in that capacity for five years. Then he ran for governor and was elected without any trouble.

THIS was in 1934. He was thirty-six, the youngest governor in the history of New Hampshire, as well as the youngest in the United States. He went to work on his first day in office to make good on his promises to the voters. The state was in the red. He meant to pay up the deficit and make a "pay-as-you-go" concern of New Hampshire.

He did it by cutting down expenses, a little here, a little there. Friends advised him to establish a sales tax and an income tax. He didn't take their advice. He did find some taxes that wouldn't hurt anybody much—for instance, the "collateral heirs" tax. Before long the state's budget was balanced and Bridges was busy with social security measures, among them an unemployment insurance act, a cancer commission, and a law designed to help mothers take care of their children in their own homes. New Hampshire was the first state to qualify under the Federal Social Security Act.

Up to the time he became governor he had entertained no desire to be a senator. But one day, toward the close of his term of office, Governor Bridges had a caller, the veteran Senator George Moses.

Bridges liked and revered Moses—as did most Republicans. But when Moses said, "I hope you are going to support me, governor," he shook his head. "Not this time, senator," he said. "I've decided to run against you. Nothing personal, you understand. Only this looks like a big Democratic year. I'm not sure you can win. I know I can."

He beat Moses in the primaries: He topped the ticket at the election. And there he was, at thirty-eight.

TO newspapermen he talked of hunting and fishing in New England woods and waters, of life on the small farm outside Concord, New Hampshire, of his wife and three children—and of his objections to the New Deal.

"Senator," a fellow solon warned him, "you're not going to get anywhere fighting the New Deal. Better go along with them and get what you can out of them."

"I love a good fight," Bridges answered. "Besides, we'll never get anywhere if we don't."

In spite of everything the big boys in the Senate could do to stop him, he got up one day and spoke a piece beginning, "Mr. President, I want to tell the story of a jackass."

Majority Leader Barkley laughed, "I hope this isn't autobiographical."

Bridges smiled gently. "This jackass," he said, "could be modeled from the emblem of the Democratic Party. It seems that the Tennessee Valley Authority bought him. . . ."

And he went on, humorously and then earnestly, to a proposal that a committee be appointed "to investigate TVA waste, mismanagement, and backstairs conspiracy."

In spite of Barkley's hot words, the investigation was voted; and the New Deal suffered one of its first serious defeats. Bridges, however, was not made one of the investigating committee. However hurt he felt at this unprecedented slight, his prestige was enhanced. Both Democrats and Republicans listened attentively the next time he took the floor.

He was loud in his denunciation of the Supreme Court packing bill and the alleged interference with the United States mails by radical labor leaders in the steel strike. He has spoken vehemently against the NLRB—though he says it was organized for a good purpose.

He was against confirming Hugo L. Black as a justice of the Supreme Court, and fought to force public hearings on Black's qualifications.

He was one of six senators who voted against the arms embargo—believing it impossible to legislate peace. Yet he supported President Roosevelt on the repeal of the embargo. He has been the outstanding champion of economy, yet willing to vote huge appropriations for national defense.

He is not opposed to all the New Deal measures. "Some of them are all right," he says. "Some need to be made practical. Some are absurd, wasteful, and needless. I guess, though I'm called both radical and conservative, I am really a middle-of-the-roader."

IN his campaign he has given utterance to many of his middle-of-the-road ideas. Here are samples:

"Our house can never be placed in order through the politics of hate."

"No power on earth can give security to a people who expect it for nothing."

"American business — the large corporation or the little fruit stand on the corner—is the source from which flows the economic lifeblood of this nation. Taxes on business are a dam to that flow. Remove the dam and you cure the evil. People with ambition and a little capital do not wish to put them to work today. They feel they would take all the risk while the government took all the profit."

"The New Deal promised to raise the level of prices by the devaluation of the dollar. That it failed to do so is apparent. But what of the fantastic policy of buying silver and gold indiscriminately from all the world? We have drained the world of these metals and accumulated, at the expense of the American taxpayers, a hoard unparalleled in history. We can have no possible use for it. . . . Every additional ounce of silver and gold for which we pay hastens the day of reckoning when these metals will be virtually useless so far as the rest of the world is concerned."

"We too have a blackout. There has been a blackout of American ideals. . . . Our forefathers, taught by bitter experience, were afraid of too much government. Now, instead of a limited government responsible to the people, we have an irresponsible government by decree from the President and from countless officeholders who were never elected."

Senator Bridges' most ardent fans and workers are his sons, Styles, Jr., David, and John, and their grandmother, Mrs. Fred P. Clement, who has taken charge of their upbringing. Their mother, who before marriage was Miss Sally Clement of Concord, New Hampshire, died two years ago.

The senator is of medium height, well muscled, handsome, dark. His hair is frosted at the temples. He smokes cigarettes but prefers a straight-stemmed pipe. He shaves without looking into a mirror. He was born a Methodist but has become a member of the Congregational Church. He is a Shriner. And he has been for a dozen years an officer in the United States army reserve.

Outside of the $1,000 a year which he gets for being vice-president of a small bank, he has no income save his salary as United States senator.

THE END

$2,000 IN CASH PRIZES!

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

DO you read the Bernarr Macfadden editorial page which opens each issue of Liberty? If so, you should get into this contest without delay, for it is made to order for you. If you do not read Liberty's editorial page regularly, now is a great time to discover what you have been missing—and to get paid for your discovery as well! The Rules explain the few brief requirements for completing a successful entry and winning a cash prize. Study them carefully before you turn back to the editorial in this issue. Then, when you have read the editorial, copy the sentence or paragraph you wish to quote onto the coupon provided below. Do not mail any coupons until your set of ten is complete.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

For the convenience of late entrants Liberty has prepared reprints of the first three coupons and the editorials involved. When you mail your request to the address given in Rule 6, be sure to enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than fifty words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication wherever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Saturday, August 3, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 4 (Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)

SENSATIONAL..EASY FLEA-KILLING FLEA CONTROL METHOD JUST DEVELOPED

Fleas and lice can transmit tapeworms and sarcoptic mange to dogs . . . so warns U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Cir. No. 338.

TO BE SURE of ridding your dog of dangerous fleas and lice, *use a powder*—preferably Pulvex. It's the powder that's constantly offering improvements. The latest is a remarkable "minute-a-week" control method that keeps dogs free of fleas. Folder on can explains all. Pulvex Flea Powder is outstanding because it is so—

INCREDIBLY QUICK in killing fleas! None ever revive to reinfest. Also kills lice, ticks, sticktites. Borated; makes dog more comfortable; helps allay itching from scratching. *Kills fleas, too, when put on one spot!*

And now by this sensational and easy "minute-a-week" control method you can absolutely protect your dog against further flea torments and dangers. Read folder on can.

ASK DEALER TO SHOW YOU THIS FOLDER

If your dog is scratching, get can of Pulvex and start using this method at once. At all leading drug, pet, and department stores, 50c.

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Kills FLEAS
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PULVEX FLEA SOAP oils and grooms the coat, deodorizes, cleans and destroys the fleas, only 25c!

CHASERS

KILL ALCOHOL and TOBACCO BREATH

Package of 5 tablets 5¢

AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

DOG IS BOTH HER EYES AND EARS

CHICAGO, ILL.—So far as I know, I am the first deaf-blind person ever to train with a "master's eye" dog. At first the problem presented seemed impossible to solve, but in three weeks Blondie and I had accomplished the difficult task of teamwork.

My high-school teacher, Mrs. Gentry, got Bishop Shiel and the C. Y. O. interested in buying the dog for me, and the students of Marshall High presented a gift which paid the expenses of my mother and my teacher and myself in the undertaking.

Off we went to Minneapolis and the La Salle Kennels on a glorious December day.

Gerry and Blondie

When we arrived and met Mr. Sinykin, the trainer, he said my voice was too weak and playful, so I had to go around the house for a while shouting, "Right! Left! Forward! Sit! Speak! Good girl!" to a dog that wasn't there.

Then Blondie appeared. Talking in my hand, mother described my dog.

"She's a seventy-pound German shepherd with a lovely white coat," she told me. "Her ears are a beautiful golden color."

Our first task in training was to work out a system. Mr. Sinykin said that to stop during training to talk to me in my hand would confuse the dog. Mrs. Gentry then suggested that I receive my instructions before leaving home each day, and put them into use as occasion demanded. If, while walking, Mr. Sinykin wanted me to turn right or left, he quickly tapped my right or left shoulder. A slight push forward meant "go." To answer my questions, he tapped me once for "no" and twice for "yes." When I had done good work, he gave me several triumphant pats on the back.

Warmly dressed in sports wools, I stepped out into the dry cold air of Minneapolis and nervously grasped Blondie's harness.

I was scared stiff. Every second I expected to drop into a manhole. Blondie, however, trotted on. I gripped the harness so tightly that it hurt my hand—a violation of training rules.

In my pocket I carried an identification card and the alphabet glove—an ordinary white glove with letters printed on the joints of the fingers; with it any one can talk to me. Nevertheless, a taunting voice inside of me kept saying: "You'll never go out alone! You'll never do it!"

I tried to defy the voice. I couldn't fail! Go home without this wonderful dog friend and disappoint all the people who had helped me? No, I *wouldn't* fail!

Mother and Mrs. Gentry talked so encouragingly that I went out day after day for three weeks.

Gradually our attitudes toward each other were being trained. Blondie became more obedient and loving. Teaching her to stop and go at certain places was only half the battle. She had to learn that I was depending upon her under all circumstances, and I had to take a few honest-to-goodness bumps before she understood her responsibility.

Sometimes it was so cold or there was so much snow that we had to work in hotel lobbies or depots. After doing good work, one day in the St. Paul depot I had a terrifying experience with a train. I could feel earthquaking vibrations. Where? Oh, if I could only hear! With my cane I investigated the right side. Tracks! The left side revealed more tracks.

Blondie's strong self-assured body nudged my leg. I was not *alone!* "Inside!" I commanded. "Upstairs!" pointing aloft with my cane.

Blondie turned. I humbly followed the blessed dog.

Safe, I stooped over. Blondie licked my ear.

"Never you mind about your ears, Gerry," she seemed to say. "I've got two of 'em, one for you and one for me. And what's more, they're gold!"—*Geraldine Lawhorn.*

VOX

DEGREES OF KNOWLEDGE

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Now that it is commencement time, did you ever hear these definitions of college graduates? A Bachelor of Arts is one who knows a little about everything; a Master of Arts is one who knows more about less; and a Doctor of Philosophy is one who knows most about least.

Odd as it may seem at first thought, these definitions are really quite accurate.—*Phil Dare.*

◖ "Doncha ever have any old Cryptograms you could slip into an odd corner—say once a week or so?" inquires Charles H. Stump of Altoona, Pennsylvania.

WHY TUNNEY IS CHAMP

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Jack Dempsey is in error when he states there are eleven Marquis of Queensberry world's heavyweight champions still living (May 4 Liberty).

Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, and Braddock were Boxing-Commission-made champions. In fact, they never were heavyweight champions of the world, inasmuch as Gene Tunney retired undefeated and he is still the heavyweight champion of the world; as long as he remains in retirement the title is vacant.

Marquis of Queensberry rules of the American prize ring says: "All titles must be won and lost in the ring; no fighter has the power to give title away."

This means that Joe Louis is not the champion; he is a claimant to the heavyweight championship of the world.

Let us hear what the boxing authorities have to say. —*Not a Hillbilly.*

◖ "I take Liberty for what I find written by Mr. Macfadden on the first page," declares C. Ed Taylor of Southport, North Carolina. "That alone is worth the price."

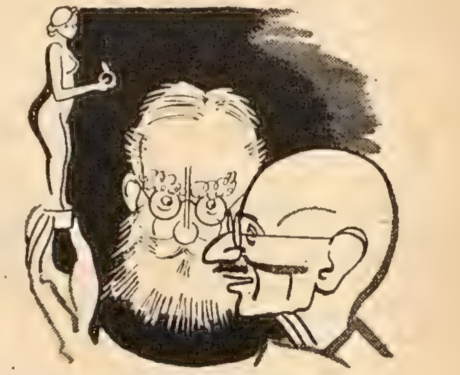
STARTS AT BACK PAGE

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—We start on our issue of Liberty with Mr. Oursler's Back Page. We honestly feel it's one of the high lights of Liberty. When we finish that page we turn over to look for our favorite little "angel"—Hardtack. He's our second best feature. But I don't know of any time we've ever been disappointed with a single story or article in Liberty. Kiss Hardtack for me!—*Mrs. L. J. Colman.*

LET G. B. S. ANSWER GANDHI!

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I'm asking a little favor. Will you please get George Bernard Shaw to write an answer to Mahatma Gandhi's article on celibacy in May 4 Liberty?

I love 'em both, and also I do love to laugh. —*M. Lang.*

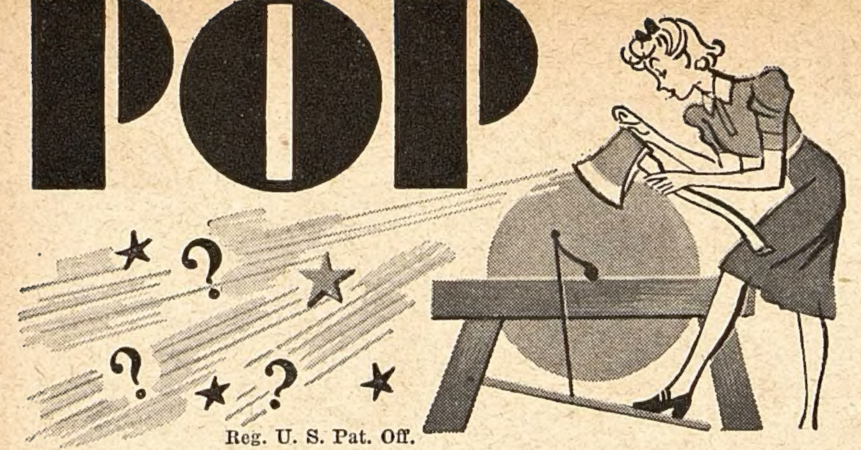


IRREVERENT MR. MARCH

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—This is a protest against Fredric March and the Hollywood Reds (May 4 Liberty). The irreverent—yes, blasphemous—way March dares to write of God angers any decent, right-thinking reader. March's phrase in his second paragraph, "while the front office worked on cleaning up God," is in very poor taste.

It's because of the Marches and other such "fellow travelers" that we stopped going to the movies. If we and many like us stay away long enough, perhaps the box offices may realize what is the cause.—*C. V. Shaw.*

POP



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE LANGUAGE OF POSTMARKS

MOUNT PULASKI, ILL.—Some of your readers have expressed interest in an article on postage stamps, but I wonder if any of them ever thought of what I call "the language of postmarks"? For more than twelve years I have made a study of these various city-name stampings and have grouped them under many interesting and surprising headings. For instance:

The Three Graces
Faith, Ark.
Hope, Kans.
Charity, Ky.

Independence Day
Independence, Mo.
Day, Mo.
Seventeen, Ohio
Hundred, W. Va.
Seventy Six, Ky.

The First Census
Adam, W. Va.
Eve, Ky.

Hymn
Onward, Ind.
Christian, W. Va.
Soldier, Kans.

A Perfect Day
Dawn, Ohio
Sunrise, Wyo.
Daylight, Tenn.
Evening Shade, Ark.
Sundown, N. Y.
Twilight, S. Dak.
Midnight, Miss.

Colors
White, S. Dak.
Black, Ala.
Blue, Okla.
Green, Kans.
Brown, W. Va.
Auburn, Ill.
Gray, Iowa
Vermillion, Ohio
Pink, W. Va.

I have, altogether, more than 900 of these American postmarks, arranged in groups representing some 60 subjects, besides a lot of odd unclassified names such as Rollingstone, Minn., Crowheart, Wyo., Widemouth, W. Va., Bushyhead, Okla., and Bummer, Ky.—*John A. Christmann.*

NEVER TILL NEXT TIME!

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—I vow and declare I will never enter another one of your contests, but here I am again working as hard if not harder than ever. Frailty, thy name is woman!—*Edna Morgan.*

IT'S NOT MECHANICAL ART!

GREENLEAF, ORE.—Our hobby, if any, is mechanics, but workable. You hurt me, for in your Vox Pop heading illustrations, with the grindstone cranks above center, how are the grindstoners gonna revolute the same, with the treadles pressed down to the floor boards? Huh? Thank you!—*Marion P. Wheeler.*

ASKS FOR MORE FIGMENTS

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—It was very naughty to publish that May 4 Liberty cover. Your artist Rush should be more chivalrous than to fix on canvas such an embarrassing moment!

Here I've been a woman-hater for years, and now he artfully shows me something so artless and cute that I'd like to see some more of the figments of his imagination.

If he can draw me a check as good as his picture, I don't mind paying for the ink.—*G. H. S.*

◖ "'Rate' means to estimate or reckon," says Marie Lehrer of Dayton, Ohio. "Why is any one so silly as to pretend it means 'deserve'?"

NO CHANCE FOR DIES

BARRE, VT.—In each editorial Mr. Macfadden writes, he bequeaths to me a sense of duty, obligation, and respect toward the United States and its people. Martin Dies will find no reason to investigate Bernarr Macfadden for participation in un-American activities!—*A. Colombo.*

◖ "Once I laid a ghost by removing a picture that caused a reflection to travel through the room when car lights flashed on it from the road," reports H. E. Twigg of Fort Dodge, Iowa.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN NAME!

ALLENHURST, N. J. — As many people will admit they are not at all pleased with their given names, I suggest that all parents should be limited to the right of giving their children only temporary names, and then, at a predetermined age, said children shall decide upon their own name.

Certainly the government should take steps to free these oppressed people who are otherwise obliged to go through their entire lives with the strangest "handles" that embarrass them no end.

Just try to picture what a "regular" breezy type of girl thinks about Gwendolen; or what some "regular" fellow thinks about Claude!—*Robert McMichael.*

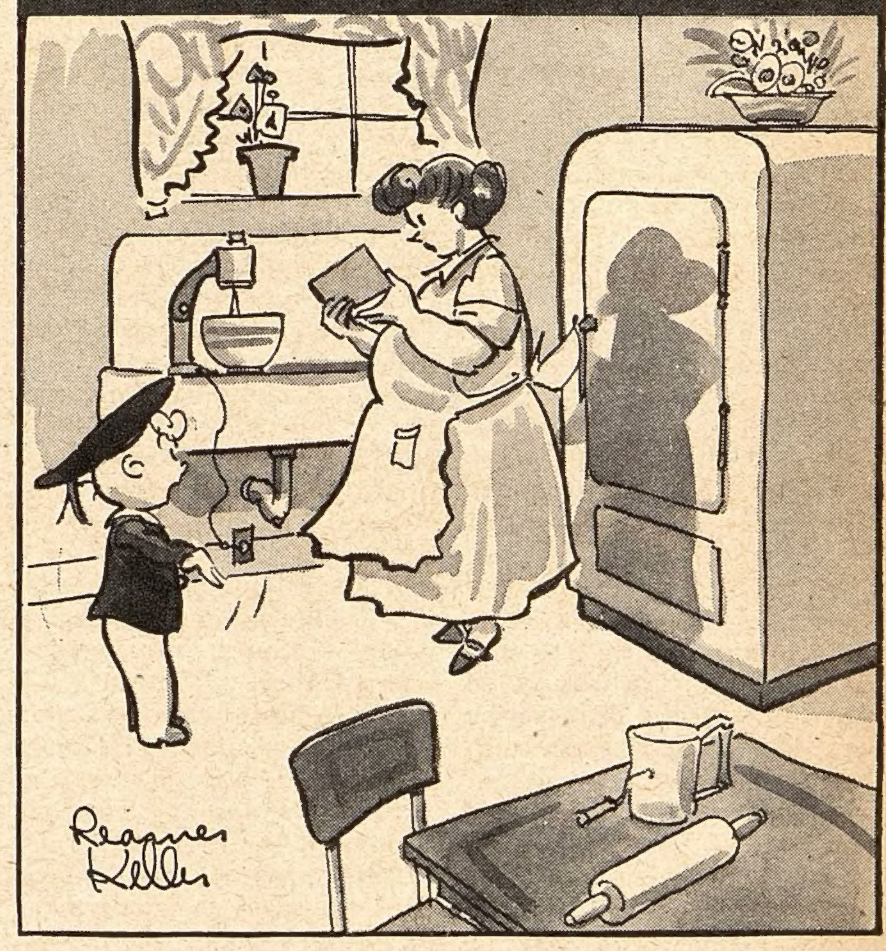
MAYBE IT WAS A BET

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Grandpa Was Fast, Too! (May 25 Vox Pop) reminded me of a bicyclist of our fair city.

In the wee hours of the morning two of our patrolmen noticed a speeding cyclist who, they decided, would never get home, no matter how fast he pedaled. He was speeding in circles around the driveway of a filling station. They booked him for intoxication. —*John Olvany.*

◖ "The moment for shirt-sleeve, baseball-bat diplomacy has arrived," declares J. C. Knight of Spokane, Washington. "America is big enough to tell the world to 'get inside their own boundaries and stay there,' and make it stick without firing one shot."

"HARDTACK"



"What's the matter with a 'D' in History, mom? There's still twenty-two more letters in the alphabet!"

Winston Churchill and His American Mother

FULTON OURSLER

ONCE UPON A time there was a lovely girl from Rochester, New York, named Jennie Jerome. She was a vivacious and vigorous personality with broad and varied intellectual interests. On a visit to London she met a titled Englishman and fell in love with him. They married and Jennie Jerome of Rochester, New York, became Lady Randolph Churchill, mother of England's man of the hour. Next week in Liberty, Frederick L. Collins begins the story of Winston Churchill and his American mother. There was an extraordinary bond between Lady Churchill and her son. Mr. Churchill says that it was more like the relationship between brother and sister. Hers was a gallant mind, deeply interested in the enterprises of her menfolk. She was a feminine power in the politics of England long before Miss Nancy Langhorne became Lady Astor. The story is so rich in interest for every American and so well told by Mr. Collins that we recommend it without reservation to all Americans as they watch from day to day the great struggle overseas and the firm leadership which the half-American Mr. Churchill has brought to the crisis of the Empire—" I bring you only blood and toil and tears and sweat."

ANOTHER GREAT FIGURE in the British Empire returns to Liberty next week with an astonishing statement. Mahatma Gandhi will tell you frankly that he may within a short time retire from his leadership of the Indian cause. This statement of itself is front-page news, but Gandhi goes on to explain why he feels it may be better for him to drop the reins. This article is another scoop of which Liberty is proud.

IN LIGHTER VEIN comes an article by Gracie Allen on why she thinks America's next President should be a woman. And Walter Karig answers the question, What Kind of President Would Senator Wheeler Make? Mike Jacobs, taking note of an article that appeared in Liberty a few weeks ago, raises another pertinent question and answers it—Am I a Menace to Boxing? Fred Lewis, one of Liberty's favorite writers on the movies, tackles another question, Who Is Poison at the Box Office Now? There are some excellent short stories next week, including Hot and Sorry and Wonderful, by Philip Clark, and How Does It Feel? by David Burnham, and of course the usual full complement of the serials.

AND THEN THERE IS A LITTLE feature in which we take a special kind of pride. You may remember that some time ago Mrs. John Killackey, wife of the night manager of the Waldorf-Astoria, told how she had a baby at the age of forty-two. Well, next week you will learn the effect that that interesting little document had on the lives of other people. Be sure to read Our Liberty Baby, by Agnes van Dame.

SALMAGUNDI. . . . James T. Casebeer of Washington sends us the following which he found in an old newspaper: " Did you know that labor is the one prayer that is always answered; and that one man's rights end only where another's begin; and that the more one knows the more he simplifies; and that a true philosopher is one who is able to laugh at himself; and that in ethics you cannot better the Golden Rule; and that the charm of reading is in the recognition of what we know; and that we arouse in others the attitude we hold toward them; and that hardship consists of thinking hardship; and that when you read intelligently you collaborate with the author; and that to be deceived by a man is not so bad as to distrust him; and that the man who endures is the man that wins; and that action will remove the doubt that theory cannot solve; and that the thing we do best in life is that at which we played most in youth; and that in order to be somebody you must be willing to be nobody; and that to lose one's self-respect is the greatest calamity; and that lazy men are as useless as dead ones and take up more room? " Mr. Casebeer says he clipped this from the Kansas City Star or the Topeka Daily Capital about thirty-five years ago. Thanks!

IN HOW TO TRADE IN STOCKS, Jesse Livermore has accomplished the difficult task of writing a book about a very complicated business with the authority of the expert but in terms comprehensible to the layman. Mr. Livermore's career is a sufficient recommendation for the value of his observations. Of as much importance to the reader as the exposition of his " master key system " are his general comments on the nature of speculation, and his insistent advice to the investor to remember that no system is perfect—that theories may well be wrong but the market never is!

A FRIEND sends a clipping from the Carmel (California) Pine Cone suggesting that it will publish the names of all regular voters in Carmel who fail to exercise their right to vote in the next election. " We know," states this editorial, " that some feelings may be hurt, but we believe the fact of bringing out a big vote is far more important than delicate sensibilities. A man or woman who does not exercise a privilege for which blood has been shed should be made to answer to his fellow citizens." Sounds like good sense to me.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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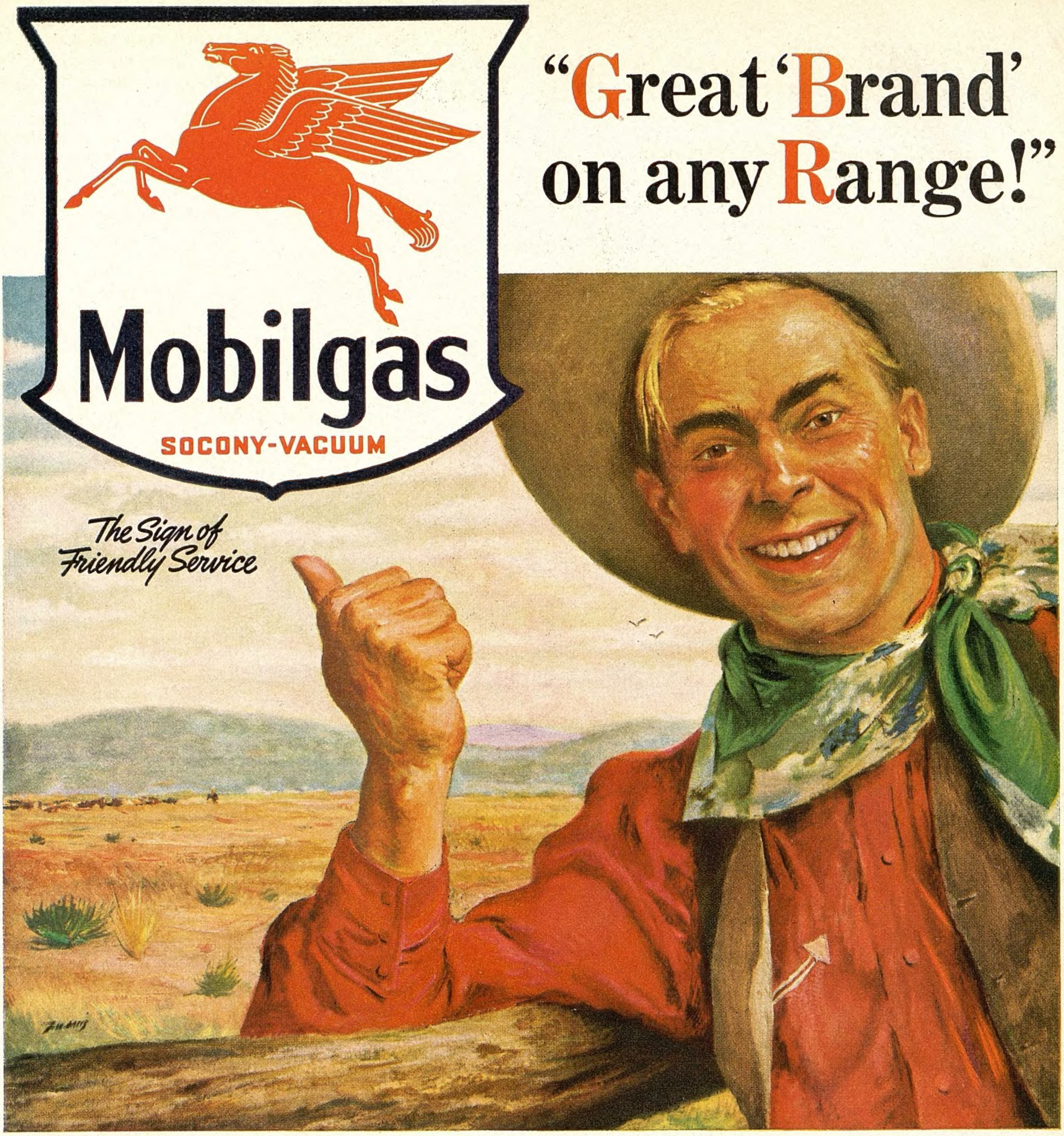
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